75¢
OCT. 1

VOGUE

SPECIAL
BEAUTY ISSUE

YOU... FROM THE INSIDE OUT

YOUR SKIN...
YOUR HAIR...
YOUR CLOTHES

NEW COSMETIC SURGERY FOR EVERY PART OF YOUR BODY

SHORT
EVENING
DRESSES
WONDERFUL
NEW WAYS TO
WEAR THEM

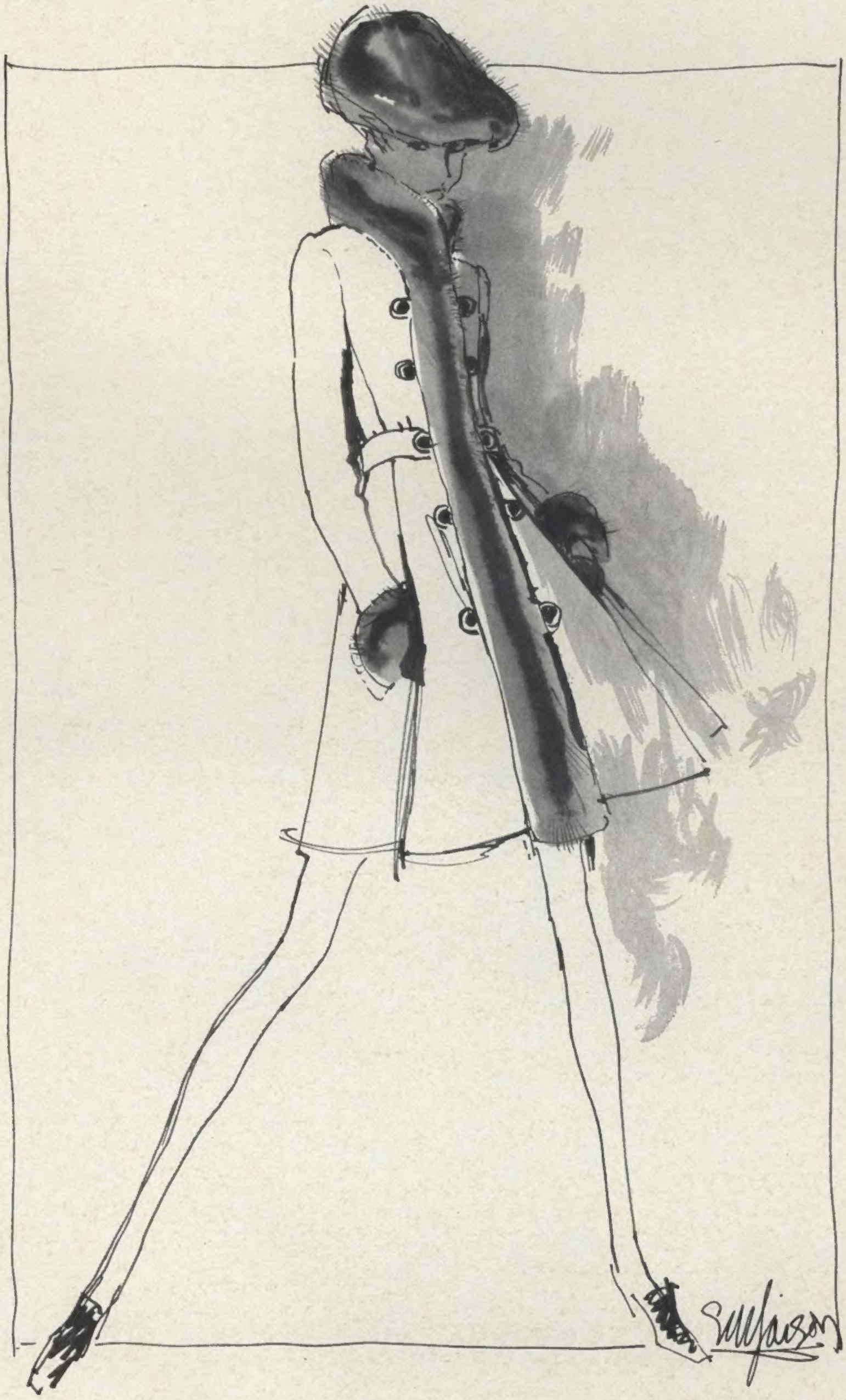


Clothes designed by Catherine Capriotti available at I. Miller General Store departments.

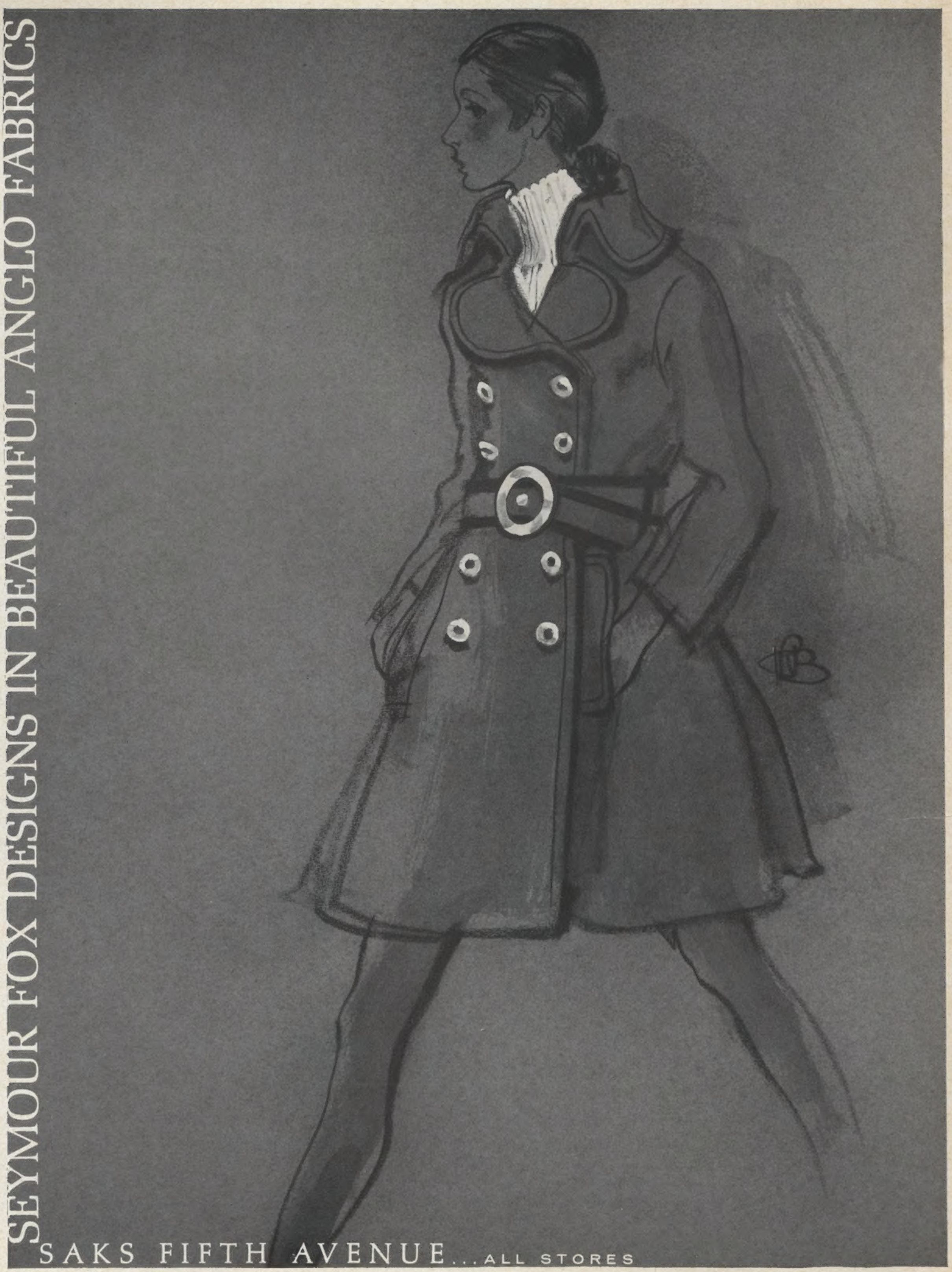


can you live up to I. Miller shoes?

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OCTOBER 1, 1969

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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BERT STERN

COVER: The inside story—perfect tailoring, clarity of colour, all the ease and luxury that spell Norell. Translated here into a wrap-up coat of brilliant red wool, pocketed in big patches and belted—in shiny black—so tightly the fabric springs into soft fullness all around. The impeccable face to wear with it is made up with a new Yardley sheerness called Cellophanes. Gliding on cheeks—Pink Whip Blush. Shining on mouth—Beige Together Lip Colour. The soft tumble of hair could take its sheen from Yardley's Londonderry Hair Shiner. Coat at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Coiffure: Alan of Lewis and Hopson.

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Something bewitching and black for the big night. Acetate-and-nylon net twinkling with black paillettes, $125.



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INTERNATIONAL

DESIGNED BY RIZKALLAH



Valentino here—

scarfed tweed coat of beige and taupe worsted wool, copied in America solely for our own private Contessa collections, on the designer floor at Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street, New York

Phil Mazzurco

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CUENCA, SPAIN



MITZOU . . . innovative swagger of the softest Mitzou green suede with pale green Kalgan lamb.
Exclusive in New England at the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

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LEDASPAIN . . . supple Spanish leather greatcoat rimmed with lamb for texture contrast.
Exclusive in New England at the Jordan Marsh Coat Shop.

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LA ROULIQUE . . . beige wool pantsuit, the focus on impeccable Spanish tailoring.
Exclusive in New England at the Jordan Marsh Young Elegants' Shop.

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SPLENDORS OF SPAIN . . . reflected in the little things that count. Marvelously crafted shoes and handbags, dramatic jewels, enchanting fragrances.

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CUENCA, SPAIN



PERTEGAZ . . . completely charming flamenco-ruffled late-day costume in black wool.
Exclusive in New England at the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

JORDAN MARSH

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CUENCA, SPAIN



MARIA LUISA BRIZO . . . caped extravagance of garnet velvet embellished with jet, glimmered with gold. Exclusive in New England at the Jordan Marsh Designers' Shop.

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Your fashion signature for Fall:
The sleek, seductive mouth.

Designed and signed by 'Ultima' II

The 'Signature Mouth'

In this year of signature fashions, your mouth should make the most brilliant statement of all. Only the fine designing hand of 'Ultima' II could bring you this look-of-looks for lips. So brilliantly new (so undeniably *you*) it telegraphs your personal message across a crowded room.

What's your signature? Lips ripened with color, rich with cream?
The New Ultracreme Lip Makeups are designed for you. A new super-rich formula, sleek and lip-clinging. (Won't come off on the teacups, even though it's *spilling* with cream). 4 lush colors that come vividly alive on your mouth. Status Red. Polo Pink. Palmbeach Peach. Rich Rich Russet.

Is your lipfashion 'see-through'? Bare tones of color, sleeked with gleam?
The New Lip Blushers are made for you. A totally new concept in lip makeup. *Super-transparent* glide-ons of color to polish lips to a mirror gloss—add just a whisper of tint. Blush of Pink, Peach, Poppy or Beige.

The New Nail Blushers. Soft, understated nailcolors in an exclusive 'crystal-in-creme' formula, gives nails a silky, milky not-quite-see-through finish. Blush of Pink, Peach, Poppy or Beige.

'Ultima' II

The first collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'
and SkinCare Concentrates. Created by Revlon.



100% Wool knit long dress trimmed with silk satin. In black only. Sizes 6-16. $125. Higher in the west. Goldworm, 1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

1969 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

For The Bath.



CHANEL

Eau de Cologne from 3.50, Oil For The Bath from 5.00, After-Bath Oil Spray 5.00, Bath Powder 5.00.

Introducing a great 1970 fashion look—

The Matte Velvet Eye

created by Estée Lauder for her new Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup Collection

The first great look of 1970—deep-shadowed, velvet-textured.
A gentle, misty-eyed look that's yours to create, with:

Eyelid Foundation and Under-Eye Primer Stick are the basic beginnings for all Estée Lauder Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup. They prepare your eyes for makeup the way an artist prepares his canvas.

Solid Creme Eyelid Shadow is the newest form of shadow, mists your lids with color to create the texture of soft, smoky matte velvet.

Liquid Eyelid Liner brushes on a velvety line to delineate and dramatize upper lids.

Lash-Lengthening Roll-On Mascara darkens and separates lashes, makes them look longer, thicker.

Eyebrow Cake gives your brows soft new definition.

The Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup Collection
also includes **Pressed Eyelid Shadow, Eyelid Liner Cake, Eye Glaze,** and **Lash-Lengthening Cake Mascara.**

Estée Lauder

©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski



Long black velvet dinner dress by Geoffrey Beene

Wear-tested over 190,000 times!

Amazing Revlon discovery makes nail enamel wear up to 3 times longer!



From the Revlon Research Laboratories comes a little miracle of a basecoat which changes the life span of nail enamel. *Tested for nearly a year* in salons from Fifth Avenue to San Francisco. Manicurists report: nail enamel stays smooth, chip-proof *up to 3 times longer*. Simply brush it on. Top it with nail enamel (preferably two coats). And your manicure lasts like no tomorrow!



'Wonder Wear' Basecoat invented by Revlon

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Majority whip

Anyone in this group who can afford to appear in blazing evening dress without making up anything save her eyes will please tiptoe quietly to the door, and not be heard from for at least a decade. Most of us have come to grips with the fact that naked skin looks infinitely more alluring when lightly veiled. Max Factor, consumingly aware that even the loveliest face is prey to an occasional pallor, an unevenness of tone, a careless capillary, are just this minute bringing us UltraLucent Whipped Creme Make-up, which is the *sine qua non* of filmy bareness. The texture is sheer bliss —something like the very best mousse—yet it offers an extraordinarily fine-grained smoothness that seems to cover up one's least favourite imperfections. It has, also, been thoughtfully blended with a special moisturizer so nice things go on while you are looking your top best. All eight colours are brilliantly skin-matched.

Hair apparent

With masses of due respect to wigs, falls, and other fluffers, when one's true love is overcome by a need to run his fingers through one's locks, they had better be one's own. They had better yet be smooth and strong and lustrous as a length of silk, to which purpose the Pantene people devote their global effort. Treatment de Pantene, which is good news for all hair, is especially gallant to the teased and colour-weary, giving it, after the briefest work-out, a new shine, a sweeter texture. A thus happier head can then be set with Forming de Pantene, a gently convincing setting lotion, with its own conditioners built in, and made for either dry or oily hair. Hairspray de Pantene is formulated in three exacting ways: Soft, Normal, and Firm, which just about means you can press the button and leave the thinking to Pantene. All this and shampoo, too, in their new Headliner Kit.

Soap opera

When all is said and done—and it has been, several times over—nothing is so satisfying as a true classic. Nearly two hundred years ago, the Beautiful People of Western Europe were enchanted to find that eau de cologne had come into their lives, through the graces of the Mulhens people at 4711 Glockengasse in Cologne. It has been pleasing the B.P. ever since. The flashing, crystalline fragrance of the splash has been poured into peerless Glycerine Soap . . . and the resulting bar is exquisite almost beyond measure. In its transparent perfection are the most soothing and fastidious agents for cleansing, plus, of course, all that protective glycerine. Inevitably, once you have washed your face with 4711 Glycerine Soap, you will want to have it for all-over bathing.

(More Ready Beauty, page 38)



Adele Simpson. Little lady with big ideas.

Not only fashion, but now a fabulous fragrance.



Revlon invents action-now skincare

A break-through collection of hyped-up formulas in fast-acting forms, chockfull of everything good for your skin. They roll on. Skim on. Glide on. Splash on. To get your skin in great shape. Fast. (They work while you wait—and you don't wait long!)

This is the way you wash your face.

TONING FACEWASH. In the morning, use to remove every trace of nightcream. A refreshing cleansing-gel in a *roll-on* that lathers up with water, leaves skin toned and tingling clean. One for oily skin. One for normal-to-dry.

This is the way to get ready for makeup.

UNDERMAKEUP MOISTURE PRIMER. For dry skin. A pre-makeup base that *rolls on,* so your makeup goes on better. Looks better. Lasts better.

UNDERMAKEUP OIL BLOTTER. For oily skin. A *roll-on* pre-makeup base that works in seconds, to make pores look less pore-y. Blots up oil so makeup stays shine-free. And won't get blotchy or change color later on.

This is the way your makeup comes off.

SLUFFING CLEANSER. A clear, water-soluble concentrated gel with a unique 'sluffing action' that goes after hardened makeup and deeply imbedded dirt. And gets rid of it *fast.* Yet it's so gentle, you can even remove eye makeup.

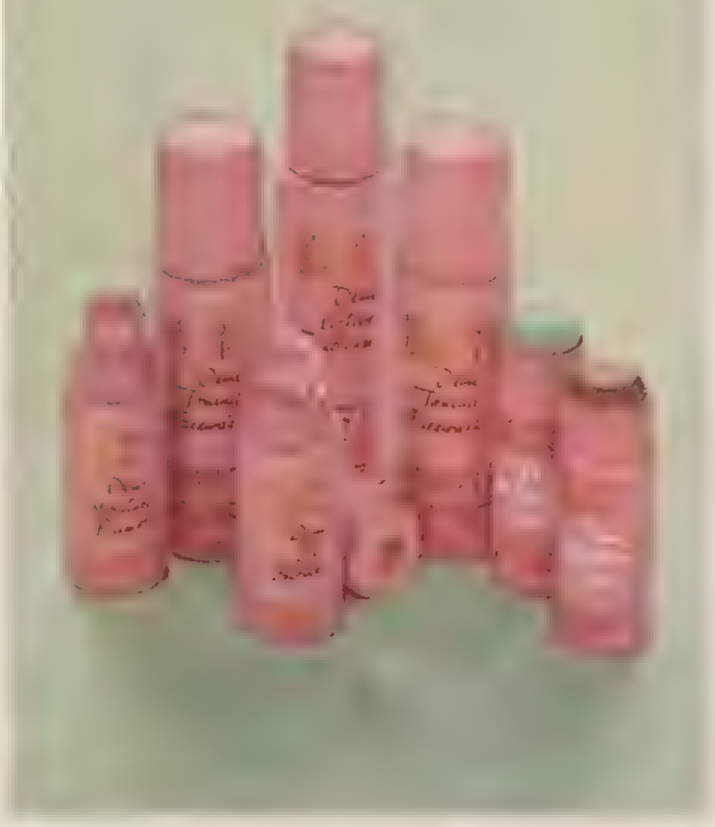
This is the way to get ready for bed.

ACTIVE FACE RINSE. A powdered concentrate that dissolves in water to become a warm, bubbling 'pre-sleep facial'. Splash it on. It gently purges pores of impurities, readies skin for overnite care.

This is the way your skin goes to sleep.

MOISTURE STICK. For dry skin. A light, filmy nightcream-in-a-stick. Super-moisturizes without heavy creaming. You go to bed greaseless, positively pretty.

OIL CONTROL STICK. For oily skin. The first nightcream-in-a-stick that blots up oil instantly, then keeps on blotting through the night, so oil can't 'build up' in the pores. Your skin wakes up refreshed, moisturized—absolutely oil-free.



'Moon Drops' Demi Facecare by Revlon

REVLON

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All designs shown, except leather glove, are leather-tailored of cotton doeskin and available at fine stores everywhere. Or write Crescendoe Gloves, Johnstown, New York

Fredrica



As every girl knows—wear Emba® mink and all great things are possible. Side-pleated coat of Aeolian® Emba natural taupe mink designed by Fredrica, 345 Seventh Ave., New York 10001.

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®trademark of the world's finest mink— produced in America by the Emba Mink Breeders Association.

Fashion declares open season on The Wild Life. A captivating new era, throbbing with the spontaneous spirit of the 70's. Personified by the new Geminesse face patterns, inspired by the fur designs of Georges Kaplan, cunningly applied to create beautiful illusions in a most detection-defying manner.
The fresh round eyed Free Face—Companion to the classic fashions.
The Fanciful Face: a flirty feminine look to wear with the new opulents.
And the whimsical, wide eyed Fantasia Face for the kicky fringy fashions.



From the Geminesse Collection of furs designed by Jacques Kaplan for Georges Kaplan

GEMINESSE BEAUTY REPORT:

THE WILD LIFE

The uninhibited face patterns and cosmetics of the future tamed for today by Geminesse.

The most beautiful new cosmetics in captivity.

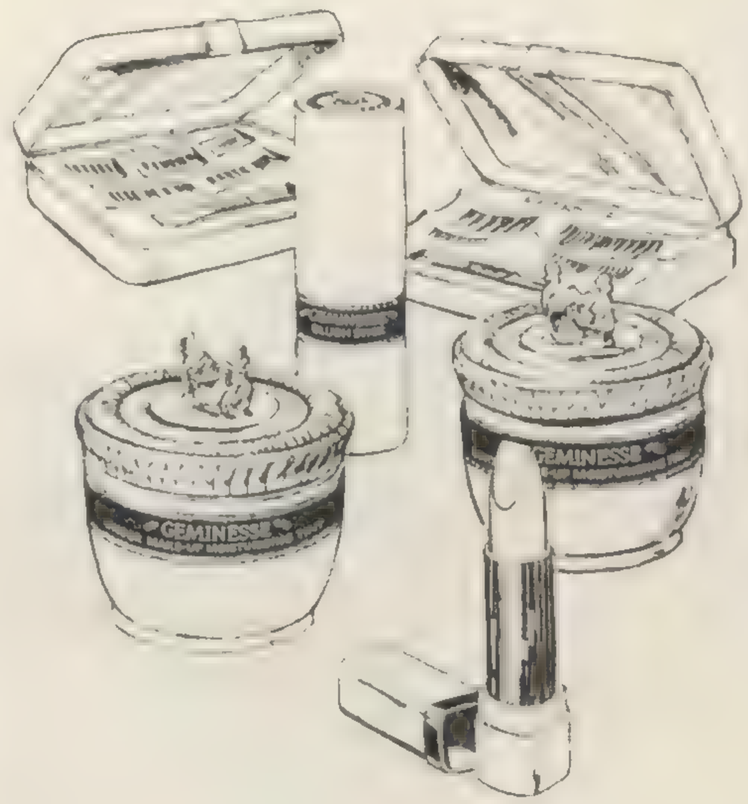
Go wild. Or tame. Geminesse puts all the beautiful basics at your fingertips. To use with imagination and create the face that goes with the fashion.



Begin with **CREAM FOUNDATION STICK**—a rare new breed in cosmetics. Actually, a dazzling make-up duo that acts in a single stroke. The outer shell a superbly rich and creamy foundation that colors as it covers impeccably. At the heart of the matter: a sheer, moisturizing core that floats on a dewy, translucent finish.

Next comes **BLUSH STICK.** A creamy, moist blusher to light up your face in new ways. No streaking, no fading, no settling in pores or changing colors. Just a gentle flush of color that looks uncommonly genuine.

The contemporary mouth is pure sparkle and shine. **TRANSPARENT LIP COLOR** makes it so. Completely sheer, see-through colors to polish off your lips to a slick, glossy finish.



Coming in focus—the lavish-lashed eye. Managed with characteristic aplomb by the new, marvelously lush lash creations. Flirty and feminine eye-openers: outward winging **PETAL LASHES.** Spiky upper and lower lashes on a flesh-colored silken thread. Particularly futuristic: **LASHLETS,** the first collection of 3 different types of little lash clusters to put on at random. Clustered in the center for a round-eyed look. Or cunningly placed at the corner of the eye for a distinctly feline feeling.

Underneath it all, a brilliant innovation: **UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZING TINT.** Frothy, whipped cream gels that liquefy on contact to bask the skin with sheer, non-greasy, superbly cooling moisture. In 4 complexion compensating shades to actually correct your basic skin tone as they moisturize. To neutralize sallowness or ruddiness with translucent, see-through color.

What Geminesse has done for faces, Georges Kaplan has done for furs. In a remarkably inventive way, Geminesse has updated the traditional... put the emphasis on individuality. Track down The Wild Life. Find the looks you like and make them unmistakably your own. At the Geminesse counter of your favorite department store.



GEMINESSE
MAX FACTOR

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 1

Fabled beauty fable

Once upon a recent time there was an Italian beauty who was wise as well as beautiful, and therefore wont to enhance her charms with a careful coiffure and false lashes. These, she sometimes wanted to last the night and greet the dawn looking as fresh as she. Alas, disaster—she rolled over in her sleep. One night, she went to bed wearing sunglasses with unbreakable lenses. The glasses kept her from rolling over, and disturbed her coif and makeup—as well as her slumber—not one whit. Moral: people who sleep in sunglasses shouldn't wreak havoc.

That was no dark stranger, that was my husband

A recent survey of New York barbers confirms our suspicion that more and more men are colouring their hair. The what's-good-for-the-politician syndrome, perhaps. And as one lady barber pointed out, men are discovering that grey hair shows up more in longer hair. Anyway, it's all part of the whole peacock revolution, and we're all for it. Barbers have been doing the deed for some time. Now, more men are interested in hair colouring they can do themselves, at home. Here's where Kanøn shoots in, with their new Man's Hair Color Kit, which couldn't be easier to use. Just empty the colour into the activator flask and shake like a Martini; shampoo in, rinse out about five minutes later. Colours are light brown, brown, and black, depth of colour depending on the time it's left on the hair. The colour penetrates the hair shaft so it's completely natural-looking, won't wash out, and it's spiked with lanolin and protein to condition the hair as it's coloured. Look for it at the men's counter of department stores, where one can also find Kanøn's whole gutsy line of men's head-to-toe good-grooming gear, where the basic cologne is basic, reminiscent of balsam forests and Scandinavian ruggedness. Kanøn is Swedish for cannon, and pronounced the same. Their philosophy is the good, healthy Scandinavian ideal of if you've got it, flaunt it, and if you haven't got it, get it. The men seem to agree. That boom you hear is Kanøn.

The price of a figure

Figures cost. They take time, they take thought, and often a little money. Dollars well spent, to which most of the figures in this issue attest. Betsy Theodoracopulos, the sparkler shown in her reflective bathroom on pages 182-185, goes three times a week for calisthenics workouts in a gym. Some of Raquel Welch's spectacular measurements may be due to the ballet lessons she started taking when she was seven. And hundreds of figures that count in photography (see one on pages 186-189) have been keeping their trim polished and their waists in line in the salubrious blue-and-white environs of Manya Kahn's town house exercise studio. . . . The atmosphere matches Miss Kahn's cool school of thought. Peace and tranquillity steal in whether you will or no. As to time—no one gets out in less than two thoroughly therapeutic hours. The Body Rhythms come first, taking a leisurely forty minutes. Exercisers are told: "If you feel like it, do it, but never try to exercise when tired, or after a meal." And you'd better feel like it every day—sporadic exercise doesn't count, doesn't show either, says the Kahn code. Twenty minutes of deep-heat therapy—to stimulate circulation—follow the exercises and then a blissful hour-long body and face massage. Administered by an understanding masseuse, this irons out all remaining kinks, spots of tension and tiredness so thoroughly that the recipient leaves ready for the Olympics. . . . All of this can be discovered in a $15 introductory session. For Kahn-ers who simply can't come to the salon there's a $10 home course and a $5 "Reduce, Relax, Rejuvenate" record of the Body Rhythms—words, music, ambiance, and all. Both from: Manya Kahn Salon, 12 East 68th Street, New York, New York, 10021.

©ZSA ZSA LTD. 1969

from the back, jeune fille; from the front, museum!

Let's face it, darling—no creme will have you looking sixteen again. But a little tender pampering can do wonders to soften those lines. Formula Z Evening Creme is a completely new concept in facial creme. Its healing action eliminates surface dryness, helps to rebuild healthier skin tissue and seems to retexturize the complexion. I ought to know, darling. Formula Z is my very, very own! I've been faithful to it for years.

ZSA ZSA

Joseph Magnin, G. Fox, May D. & F.,
Young Quinlan, and other fine stores.



For the good life by David Smith.

The gilt-edged crepe, bound in golden braid. Ready to go to cocktails in mortar, blue, black or yellow. Rayon and acetate. 8-18. $42.

DS by David Smith

David H. Smith, Inc., 1407 B'way, New York 10018

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 1

Scents of summer—all year round

Crisp weather ahead, and wide-open windows and doors will have to closed . . . a sad moment in the country, but no great loss in town (all that soot). Still, there's no reason why a country *or* city house can't smell fresh and delicious all year long. The fragrance of the house is the ambience of the owner; to a visitor, the first impression can be ravishing. . . . Fragrance can be diffused around the house by spraying it, or—even more effective—by heating it, or a combination of both. Scented candles burning here and there work marvellously—so much so that you don't need one in every room. Rigaud makes candles in delicious scents: try Cyprès or Cythère. Floris, of England, make a Fragrance Vaporizing Kit, a set of asbestos rings to slip over light-bulbs, plus a half-ounce of concentrated perfume to drop on the rings. Directly the bulbs are lighted, the fragrance is warmed and diffused through the room. There's a choice of six Floris scents to use in this delicious strategy; our favourite is Tantivy, a dry herbal fragrance suggestive of new-mown hay. The kit, with two rings, is $7.50; extra rings, two for $2. This, and the perfumed Rigaud candle mentioned above, are at Caswell-Massey, in New York. . . . For those who adore the smell of the sea, there is Guerlain's Potpourri aux Plantes Marines; a brew of ocean plants and seaweed, it comes in liquid form, with a metal ring to be placed on a light bulb. Sprinkle a few drops on the ring, and lovely, briny breezes waft forth. Unfortunately, you'll have to cross the briny to Paris to get this. *In* Paris, Mme. Hélène Rochas, who must prefer the scent of roses to that of sea breezes, sprays her entire house with Rochas's La Rose. . . . For scenting bureau drawers and closet shelves, trunks and suitcases, Lubin's fragrant Flanelles are unsurpassed—and the fragrance can be renewed when it starts to fade. Saks Fifth Avenue has them. . . . Using a delicious bath oil (Lilly's, perhaps) is still the most effective—and enjoyable—way of scenting the bathroom; it's the mixing with hot water, of course, that makes it diffuse, sometimes for several rooms around. . . . One woman we know who had made no special effort to scent her house was amazed to find arriving guests sniffing appreciatively. She'd forgotten the fact that she had recently switched to an English furniture polish scented with lavender. . . .

First in the hearts of their countrymen—and others

The grass on the Dover side of the Channel has never looked greener to every Mario, José, and Henri. French and Italian men's tastes are running—galloping, we hear—straight to the heart of Britannia where the girls have never been prettier. Even those most understated of men, the English themselves, are ardent in their admiration of—yes—English girls. Said one gallant about one English girl recently, "Princess Anne has become completely irresistible. Completely merry . . . so radiant, with flashing, dancing eyes, a terrific smile, and such enjoyment of everything." . . . English girls are chic and extremely feminine, fizzing with spirit and spontaneity, totally tuned in on today. . . . English girls are appealing and charming at the most worldly dinner, in the simplest shop. . . . English girls' voices are enchanting; the pace is gentle and the phrase is apt. . . . English girls at country balls dress like gypsies, or wear pants and belted tunics à la Russe. . . . English girls' hair is loose and flowing, or pulled up in a Gibson-girl pouf, very dégagé and tremendously provocative. . . . English girls with fiery hair and freckled faces wear electric colours like purple, salmon pink, grass green, cornflower blue—together. . . . English girls make everything appear effortless and totally uncontrived, pretend the allure's just happened that way. Men adore this attitude. . . . English girls are relaxed and happy, happy with themselves. Small wonder. . . .

Jean-Francois Houbigant. Paris, 1775.

He took the flowers of the fields and captured their magic. With skill and daring he found new ways to create beauty. To make fragrances such as the world had never known.

Jean-Francois Houbigant. 23 years old.

The King soon favored him with his patronage. As did the Queen, Marie Antoinette. In time, all the crowned heads of Europe would vie for the latest creation of the House of Houbigant.

Jean-Francois Houbigant. An original. He sought perfection in an imperfect world. And sometimes found it.

"Some men put love into words," people said. "Houbigant puts it into a bottle."

From this heritage, Houbigant, the world's oldest house of fragrance, introduces Collection Royale: a modern day re-creation of an era when love was forever, and a fragrance could say more than words.

Some men put love into words. He put it into a bottle.



Chantilly Collection Royale by Houbigant.

BLENDED IN U.S.A.

The Late, Latest Look.

Skin is snowier,
cheeks are glowier,
eyes are torchier
and lips are scorchier.



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1969. Furs by Georges Kaplan. © 1969 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.



Play a different role. Fashion a beautiful, warm-cool face with Helena Rubinstein's new Illumination® Makeup. Feminine, feminine, feminine.

It's the leading lady look. Luminous. Rememberable. Light—but without pallor. Soft—but with clarity and definition. Cool—with the faintest glow of romantic fever underneath.

To achieve it, first glide on our magical new Souffle Cream Foundation. Airy and fluffy as a delicate mousse. The finish it gives you is semi-matte, almost-alabaster.

As if that were not enough, Souffle Cream Foundation gives you more. Much more. It gives you Pronutra, a natural protein derivative. A behind-the-scenes banquet for your skin. Smoothing. Softening. Smoothing. Moisturizing.

Next, to warm the alabaster, on with our new Souffle Cheek Color. A delicate cream-rouge that blends like a dream. The effect is moonlight and roses.

Now illusion your eyes. In one of our four, hazy, haunting new Cake Shadow shades.

And finally, do something new and wonderful for your lips. Color them high. Play them up. With our Illumination Lipsticks. In new colors that have more vibrancy, more hidden fire than those you've been using.

And there you are. You've got the look, the quality, the aura. Make way for an adoring public.



Helena Rubinstein

BARBIZON



A mid-winter's night dream of cozy elegance. Embroidered daisies flourish exquisitely on this lovely Feathaire® Flannel shift. Pink, aqua or eggnog in petite, small, medium, large, extra large.

DONNIE JAYNE $10.00

BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia

Barbizon

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Crocodile cheers

When René Lacoste of the famous Lacoste shirt got together with the fragrance makers at Jean Patou, they stirred up one of the *plus frais, plus sportif* scents since the Olympics' first flame. The sinew of the new Lacoste Sport Line of goodies, it's a deliciously fresh-cool-outdoorsy fragrance that's aimed at everybody, good sports M or F. Eau de



Sport Lacoste, pictured here, arrives in shiny silvery aerosol cylinders, six-ounce size and—big news in itself—the twenty-two-ounce size, more than ten inches tall and chock full of tangy goodness, a marvellous present for champions. The same scent sprints through Eau de Toilette, deodorant, soap—all for both sexes—and for men only, shaving foam and after-shave lotion. All nattily packaged with that little green crocodile grinning away, all from Paris and ready for the capture now. See you *tout de suite*, crocodile.

A new smoothie

For the face that wakes up looking like the crows' parade ground, the Elizabeth Arden crew has come up with something new. Called Bye-Lines, it's reputed to do that very thing—give the big good-bye to facial lines and wrinkles. How? A pleasant-scented potion of oils and herbs, this firming lotion goes on a clean face in the morning, and on and on all through the day to keep up the good front. Skin feels dewy and smooth, alone or under moisturizer and makeup. Bye-Lines comes in a frosted bottle small enough to travel.

(More Ready Beauty, page 85)

You'll find JAQUET the center of attraction at these fine stores:

ARIZONA NOGALES—Capln's
PHOENIX—Diamond's
TUCSON—Jacomes

CALIF. ALHAMBRA—J. W. Robinson
ANAHEIM—J. W. Robinson
BEVERLY HILLS—J. W. Robinson
I. Magnin
EL CERRITO—H. C. Capwell
ESCONDIDO—Palais de Cosmetique
GLENDALE—J. W. Robinson
HAYWARD—H. C. Capwell
HOLLYWOOD—J. W. Robinson
INDIO—The Clothesline
LAKEWOOD—Bullock's
LOS ANGELES—J. W. Robinson
I. Magnin
MOUNTAIN VIEW—Rhodes
NEWPORT BEACH—J. W. Robinson
OAKLAND—I. Magnin
H. C. Capwell
PALO ALTO—I. Magnin
PANORAMA CITY—J. W. Robinson
PASADENA—J. W. Robinson
REDWOOD CITY—Roosevelt Center
SACRAMENTO—Weinstock
SALINAS—South Court Pharmacy
SHERMAN OAKS—Bullock's
SAN FRANCISCO—I. Magnin
SAN JOSE—Macy's Valley Fair
SAN MATEO—Crystal Springs
SANTA BARBARA—J. W. Robinson
TORRANCE—I. Magnin
VISALIA—South Court
WALNUT CREEK—H. C. Capwell

COLORADO COLORADO SPRINGS—May D & F
DENVER—May D & F

CONN. HARTFORD—G. Fox

FLORIDA FORT LAUDERDALE—Britts
FORT MYERS—Gold Carriage
JUPITER—Salon de Sanchez
KEY BISCAYNE—L'Elegante
NAPLES—Jenning's
WEST PALM BEACH—Anthony's

GEORGIA SAVANNAH—Levy's of Savannah

IDAHO BOISE—Bon Marche

ILLINOIS BLOOMINGTON—Biasi's
CAIRO—Kitty Jean Shoppe
CALUMET CITY—Marshall Field Co.
CHICAGO—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Marshall Field Co.
Chas. A. Stevens
EVERGREEN PARK—Carson, Pirie, Scott
LOMBARD—Carson, Pirie, Scott
OAKBROOK—Marshall Field Co.
OAK PARK—Wm. Y. Gilmore
PEORIA—P. A. Bergner
PERU—Shinnick's
QUINCY—Carson, Pirie, Scott
SKOKIE—Marshall Field Co.
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INDIANAPOLIS—H. P. Wasson
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MUNCIE—Collegienne Shops

IOWA DES MOINES—Younker Bros.
IOWA CITY—Mutt's Drug

KANSAS WICHITA—Macy's-Innes

LOUISIANA NEW ORLEANS—Gus Mayer Co., Ltd.

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ANDOVER—Cosmetic Studio

MASS. BOSTON—Jordan Marsh
R. H. Stearns
BROCKTON—Leonard's of Brockton
FALL RIVER—Edgar's
LOWELL—A. G. Pollard

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MINN. MINNEAPOLIS—The Dayton Co.
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ELIZABETH—R. J. Goerke
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NEW YORK BROOKLYN—Abraham & Straus
BUFFALO—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
CHAPPAQUA—Cadman's
DUNKIRK—Sideys
ELMIRA—Elmira Drug
LONG ISLAND—Abraham & Straus
NEW YORK CITY—Best & Co.
NIAGARA FALLS—Mack Fashions

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ELYRIA—Higbee's
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Martha Washington Shop
BEND—Brandis
PORTLAND—Meier & Frank
SALEM—Meier & Frank

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FORT WORTH—W. C. Stripling Co.
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SALT LAKE CITY—Z.C.M.I. Salons

VIRGINIA McLEAN—Frank R. Jelleff

WASH. SEATTLE—Frederick & Nelson
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WALLA WALLA—Book Nook

W. VIRGINIA BLUEFIELD—Thornton's
CLARKSBURG—Mercer's Drug

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If not available, order from JAQUET
3 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019



The day your laugh lines aren't funny anymore.

One day it'll happen. You'll wake up and notice your eyes are puffy. Again.

And you'll notice those things people call laugh lines are turning into those things called "crow's feet".

That's the day you'll either start to panic, or the day you'll start to take care of your eyes.

Jaquet Crême Appateer (eye cream) is a corrective treatment that reduces puffiness and excess dryness. And, a treatment that only takes a few minutes, together with Jaquet's specially medicated eye pads, will make you look younger not only by smoothing away tiredness and puffiness, but by helping to turn those "crow's feet" back to laugh lines.

Jaquet eye pads: $5.00 per box.
Jaquet Crême Appateer (eye cream): $5.00 to $8.00. At fine stores everywhere.
Jaquet, Inc., 3 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.



Jaquet

Jacobson's Michigan



shimmery, silvery starlight and moonbeams...by BILL HAIRE FOR VICTORIA ROYAL

MINK & PEARLS™ BY JOVAN

GLORIOUSLY NEW... FOR YOUR BATH.

Prepare your body and soul for a new experience.

Toss a handful of these precious pearls into your bath.

They'll soon disappear and release our new essence of mink oil . . . a new super-emollient . . . with a marvelous new fragrance. It will smooth, silk, sleek every inch of you to a new, sensuous softness.

You will emerge . . . silkily touchable . . . loving . . . lovable. Feminine. Science has discovered that essence of mink oil is one of the most fabulously beneficial *natural* skin moisturizers and lubricants ever known.

Essence of mink oil can help your skin feel gloriously, youthfully *alive.* Just toss new Mink & Pearls in your bath tonight and every night for a luxuriously new beauty experience.

At cosmetic counters of America's finest stores. Ask for Mink & Pearls.

Fabulous for gifting!

In crystal-look case. Two hundred capsules ($5). Five hundred ($10). In refillable boutique holder ($12.50). Also available in golden liquid bath oil. One ounce ($2.00). Four ounces ($5.00). MINK & PEARLS, a product of Jovan, Inc., 33 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60602





Sarmi
excites the
Stanley Korshak Look
in an evening spectacular
of silk chiffon…
contrasted in colour,
circled with rhinestones.
$495

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*Bancroft trademark

Long sweeps of swirls and flowers...
Hanae Mori fantasy print on **Ban-Lon**® knit
The wing-sleeved dinner pyjamas from her unique Ban-Lon® collection
to be featured during the East Meets West Fortnight in Dallas,
October 20 to November 1

From Scandinavia, health.

Strong, firm, proud, young—healthy, to put it in one word. That is how a man should look. Looking like this is not very difficult when you live in an outdoor land like Scandinavia. But when, as with the American male, a man has to spend the better part of his life tucked away in a business office and a business suit, then it is not so easy.

But now, as an aid in the simple art of clean-living and self-regard, we present him with Kanøn.

For his face we have Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Face Tan, and Face Conditioner, things that will make his face look and feel like it has spent the day in the middle of a trout stream.

For his body, to make it feel, look, maybe even act ten years younger, Body Rub, Kooler, Hand Rub, Sauna Soak.

And, for a healthy head of hair, we have everything from Rich Shampoo to Hair Spray with Protein to our new Man's Hair Color.

Then, to complete the job, all the things he is used to. Aftershaves, colognes, deodorants.

So give him Kanøn, for the care and preservation of the male body for living, loving and enjoying life to its full. kanøn

Kanøn, created by Scannon, Ltd., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019. Essential oils imported from Sweden.

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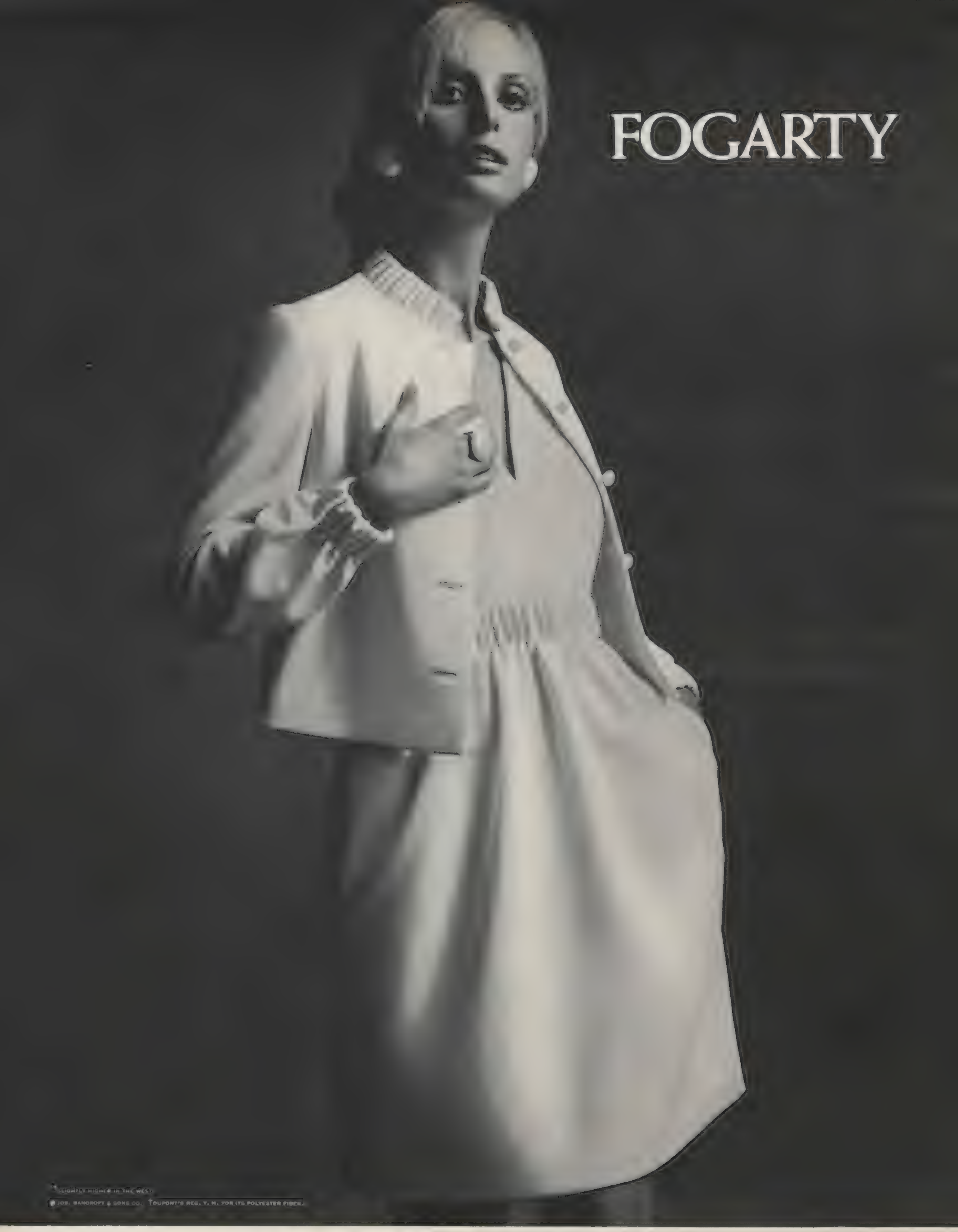
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BAN-LON COSTUME IN DACRON† POLYESTER CREPE. IN WHITE, NAVY AND CORAL. 4 TO 16. $120*.
AT LORD & TAYLOR, ALL STORES. AND AT FINE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 104. ANNE FOGARTY, INC., 550 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y. 10018.



FOGARTY DOES FOGARTY IN BAN-LON® DRESSES OF DACRON®†.

BAN-LON DRESS IN DACRON† POLYESTER CREPE. IN WHITE, NAVY AND CORAL. 4 TO 16. $85*.



Pond's used to appeal to ladies from the cigar and derby generation.

It still does.



We're going to do something very gung-ho and admit our age.

The Pond's Company is 123.

And for a long time, we must confess, some of our nice customers resembled Mrs. Belva Lockwood and Mrs. Amelia Bloomer.

But this is 1969. And things have changed. And the suffragettes who whip into the store for today's Pond's creams are strictly 20th Century.

They're models. And artists. And fashion designers. And those funny ladies in the advertising business. They're a whole new genre of unfettered, free-spirited savvy women who know how to cut through the phony baloney of the beauty business and get right down to basics. And basic is what we are.

We now have four Skin Basic creams. An Oily-Skin Treatment and Dry Skin Cream to sleep with at night. A Light Moisturizer. And a Cold Cream Cleanser that takes off everything including eye makeup.

Alone, or in combination, these four preparations take care of any skin type in the world. And they do it quickly, inexpensively, magnificently.

So. If you would like to be more of a knockout in 7 days than you are right now, flip on your derby and go get yourself some Pond's.

And if you don't look better in a week, write to us and we'll send you back your money.

Are we putting you on?

Look at it this way. You can fool some of the people all of the time. And all of the people some of the time. But you can't fool everybody for 123 years.

There's a lot more to Pond's these days than just cold cream.



A fairy-tale gown spun of glimmery gold-and-white brocade with clusters of beads bordering decolletage and cuffs. Wafting o'er, a seemingly endless drift of pale gray coque feathers. Who is Prince Charming? Oscar de la Renta.

HUTZLER'S BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Be Some Body.

Formfit Rogers

The sensuous leg.

The sultry siren is with us again.
The kind of woman who knows
what it's all about.
And now that you're back (thank goodness),
the last thing you need are pantyhose to
cover up the basics.
You need pantyhose that are sheer
and silky and sensationally sexy.
Pantyhose that fit so well there's nothing
to make your legs seem any less luscious.
You need Actionwear® nylon pantyhose.
(Or stockings, if they're what you wear).
To let the sex goddess in you through.

actionwear by **Monsanto**

actionwear:

To go with the rest of you.



they do a lot more than fit.

This is the way it's going to be.



For people who really understand luxury. But agree that being big is no excuse for being clumsy.

You see, these are the people we built our '70 Bonneville for.

Inside, there's so much luxury our upper-crust competitors have started a pout-in. New, brocade fabrics with Morrokide trim. New door appointments. New wood grain vinyl accents.

Yet Bonneville goes where you want it. And when. A 455 V-8, firm suspension and Wide-Track stance are standard.

Sound like your sort of thing? See your friendly Pontiac dealer. He knows what's happening.

(We take the fun of driving seriously.)





BILL BLASS, in an elegant mood, imaginatively combines sleek broadtail velvet with luxurious bands of sable. Pontiac, in an elegant mood, creates the 1970 Bonneville. This is the way luxury is going to be.

BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE

LOS ANGELES PALM SPRINGS

GEOFFREY BEENE recreates the romance of Juliet in a wide sway of gold moonshimmer with opulent jewel trim. Your most luxurious accessory—a 1970 Bonneville by Pontiac. Isn't this the way you want romance to be?

Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK



Body sculpture as DONALD BROOKS sees it. A superbly tailored pantsuit of soft wool jersey with cut-out jewel motif. Body sculpture as Pontiac sees it. In the 1970 Pontiac Bonneville. Are you ready for the way it's going to be?

BURDINE'S
MIAMI



Fashion graphics for daytime—CHESTER WEINBERG's longline wool plaid turn-out that ends in a fling of pleats. Fashion graphics for anytime—Pontiac's 1970 Bonneville. Take your fling with the way it's going to be.

shillito's
CINCINNATI



Wool jersey pantsuiting for evening by CARDINALI—
its simple elegance highlighted by a collection of
gold coins. The simple elegance in the
background was created by Pontiac. It's the 1970
Bonneville. The way it's going to be already is.

foley's
HOUSTON



A vibrant print that is unmistakably the brilliance of an EMILIO PUCCI as featured in the French Shops—here complemented by a dashing wool cape. The ensemble is completed with the 1970 Pontiac Bonneville. This is the way it's going to be.

Filene's
BOSTON

PAT SANDLER's magnificent wrap of rich brocade, brightened by a band of satin. Pontiac's 1970 Bonneville is highlighted by brocade and supersupple Morrokide. This is the way upholstery's going to be. In your next luxury car.

Goldsmith's
MEMPHIS



ADELE SIMPSON adds layers of fringe to a softly shaped dress with its own luxuriant wear-as-you-please stole. Pontiac's 1970 Bonneville is strictly drive-as-you-please. Big, strong, stylish. If this is the way driving's going to be. Why wait?

Lazarus

COLUMBUS

CHUCK HOWARD makes marvelous innovations in brocade with his splendid wide skirt and magnificent maxicoat. Pontiac's innovations in brocade are inside the 1970 Bonneville. The way it's going to be is indeed magnificent.

Rike's
DAYTON



TEAL TRAINA shapes fabric into a slender column of white, and bands the arms with scintillating jewels. Pontiac shapes shimmering sheet metal for the look of the future in the 1970 Bonneville. This is the way it's going to be.

Bullock's
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



HARVEY BERIN's elegant new shape for evening in a soft pearly grey. 1970 Bonneville by Pontiac is the way understated automotive flair is going to be. It's styling may own the decade.

Boston Store

MILWAUKEE

LARRY ALDRICH uses a kinetic lighting effect in a style-setting dress of glimmery gold, sashed with heavy tassels. The kinetic effect of this Pontiac's lines spells out the way it's going to be for luxury cars.
1970 Bonneville

Sanger-Harris
DALLAS



MR. MORT designs a great together look—vest edged in glitter, a flippant pleated skirt, topped with a stock-tie shirt. Pontiac's great together look features all Morrokide upholstery in the 1970 Bonneville Convertible. The way it's going to be is sporty.

Levy's Tucson

ABRAHAM & STRAUS

JERRY SILVERMAN designs a shimmery satin after-five dress, the linear neckline contrasts dramatically with the curved silhouette. Picture the ensemble in a 1970 Pontiac Bonneville. The way dramatic silhouettes are going to be, is more dramatic.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Rona.
If you know what's good for you.



Cardigan jacket and
A line dress ensemble
in pure wool doubleknit.
In camel with grey only.
6 to 16. About $100.*
For store nearest you,
write Rona Inc., 498 Seventh Ave.,
New York 10018.
A division of Genesco.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



HAT: EMME

Pure line and magnificent substance by Henry Friedricks animated by the airborne loftiness of mohair from Anglo Fabrics. Box-seamed into free-stride flare; collar is side-swirled and notched.

Saks Fifth Avenue — all stores

HENRY FRIEDRICKS DESIGNS IN ANGLO FABRICS OF MOHAIR


WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?
An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink called
BLACKGLAMA®
bred only by
Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by
Emeric Partos of Bergdorf Goodman.



HAT ADOLFO II

The Newest young coat look by Don Simonelli for Modelia, positively belted and scarfed. Giant Plaid is a masterpiece of color reflections. Warmth is maximum thanks to mohair's incredible buoyancy and weightlessness. Anglo Fabrics in meteor brown, moonsand and jet.

Lord & Taylor—(all stores) Jacobson's—(all stores) I. Magnin—(all stores)

DON SIMONELLI FOR MODELIA DESIGNS IN MOHAIR OF ANGLO FABRICS

SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL OF FOLKWAYS:
A Salute to the American Spirit



A fashion selected by American Wool Council and Mohair Council of America WM 469.

Sakowitz

With its annual festival in Houston, September 29 through October 11, Sakowitz celebrates the creativity of America, a country quilted together from other countries. Symbol of this synthesis; great sweeps of Patchwork, such as this one created especially for Sakowitz.

When America Wants the World's Newest Luxury Fabric,
We Blend Two of Nature's Most Luxurious Fibers . . .
Wool and Mohair.



A fashion selected by American Wool Council and Mohair Council of America WM 269

The great American jumpsuit inspired by the railroad engineers' worksuit of the early frontier, designed for the Sakowitz Festival by ROYAL PARK COUTURE, LTD., a division of Parnes-Feinstein.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON

Gino Charles



Designed by Beverly Moyer and Bill De Natale

Jacket and dress costume of metallic brocade. In black/gold, ruby/gold. Sizes 4 to 14. About $125.
At Bloomingdale's, New York, Garfinckel's, Washington, D C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; I Magnin, California
Gino Charles, Ltd , 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018. A division of Malcolm Starr, Inc.



SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL OF FOLKWAYS:
A Salute to the American Spirit

Carpet-baggery, circa '69: MARISSA takes patchwork out of the past and into present-day fashion to accompany our patchwork luggage by FRENCH OF CALIFORNIA, designed exclusively for Sakowitz.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON

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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES



this is definitely GLENOIT

Sills/a Bonnie Cashin Design. A punched-up poncho lined in Glenanza by Glenoit*, the super-sumptuous pile that's soft, weightlessly warm, and color-vibrant. The leather-trimmed canvas poncho, about $130; leather pants, about $100; hooded jersey, about $55. Sizes 6 to 14. In geranium, peat and toffe. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Higbee's, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Swanson's, Kansas City; Liberty of London, London. And all branch stores.

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THE TREVIRA ERA

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The great American shirtdress . . . a tradition in itself, designed exclusively for the Sakowitz Festival by JOE FRANK.

Elizabeth Arden's Beauty Report

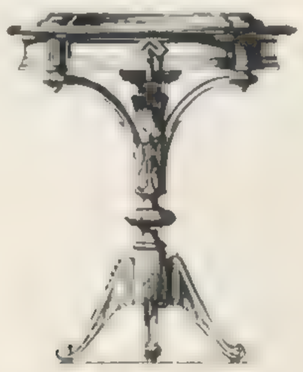
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Skin is thirsty. Especially in America!

(One sure way to slake the drought is with Velva Moisture Film.)

DOWN WITH CENTRAL HEATING!

Americans literally keep their homes hotter than any people in the world and they do it with a heat that is particularly drying to the skin. If you've ever brought home a nice antique table from a shop in Wales, well, you know how long it takes for it to start cracking in your living room temperature. And gourmets will frankly tell you that in America a red wine at room temperature is not *de rigueur*.



Skin simply shrivels up

when it doesn't get some supplemental moisture. That means a wrinkle here, a wrinkle there and soon you have crocodile patches, flaky skin, lip lines, smile lines, and that tight, tingling feeling you inevitably have after showers with soap.



SKIN DIET

Elizabeth Arden, long before anyone else in the cosmetic business thought of one, brought out a light textured, highly beneficial lotion called Velva Moisture. It was not to be a once-in-awhile indulgence. It was to be worn all day under makeup as a windshield, a screen to protect you from the drying elements outside and help hold in the moisture inside. Used day in, day out, before you put on an ounce of makeup, it can make an amazing difference in the way your skin ages.

SYBARITES INDULGE IN IT.

Some of the beautiful people use Velva Moisture as a body rub after bath to satinize their arms and legs. It's the most luxurious thing in the world to do.

Nothing we make Outsells Velva Moisture Film

Just talk to women who've used it. They do more to tout this preparation than we do. And anything that consistently leads the moisture list must be doing something beautiful. You'll find Elizabeth Arden's Velva Moisture Film in fine stores and exclusive pharmacies anywhere in the world. It comes in 5.00, 10.00 and 15.00 sizes.



Elizabeth Arden





Corfam after hours.
By Stanley Philipson

We've come a long way from the delicate little evening slipper. As has evening attire. In his most up-to-today mood, Stanley Philipson selects CORFAM* for this dramatic pants pump. CORFAM makes possible an individualistic effect, like this napped reptile, that will breeze blithely through the evening in any devil-may-care mood that comes over you. Napped CORFAM washes completely, dries spot free. Color never rubs off. It's CORFAM at it again, making shoe fashion make sense. Hours, after hours, after hours.

Feel free...you're in Corfam

STANLEY PHILIPSON shoe of CORFAM, about $40. Coordinated shoulder-strap bag, about $40.
Available at Andrew Geller Shoe Salons in New York, Chicago and San Francisco.
Also at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Robinson's, California—Beverly Hills.

DUPONT
Better things for better living...through chemistry

SHOULDN'T YOUR SECOND SKIN BE AS LOVELY AS YOUR FIRST?

INTRODUCING 'COMFORT-WIRE'™
IT WILL CHANGE YOUR FEELING ABOUT WEARING A WIRED BRA.

You can't see the wire. You can't feel the wire. But it's there, doing marvelous things for your figure. 'Comfort-Wire' adjusts to your every move. Up, down, sideways. It just can't bite back. Or dig, or hurt, or leave funny little lines on your body. There's even stretch in back and in the straps for added freedom. 'Comfort-Wire' comes in lace or smooth Crepeset*, white or écru. At selected stores. B, C cups $7.50. D, $8.50.

The Sea Dream® Collection by maidenform®

SHOULDN'T YOUR SECOND SKIN BE AS LOVELY AS YOUR FIRST?

†All Nylon. Back Elastic: Nylon, "Lycra" Spandex *Reg. U.S. Pat Off. © 1969 by Maidenform Inc., makers of bras, girdles, lingerie.



Here are some of the fine stores that carry The Sea Dream® Collection:

Bakersfield, Calif.—Brock's
Billings, Montana—Hart Albin
Buffalo, N.Y.—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Butte & Helena, Montana —The Hennessy Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—McAlpin Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Daytona Beach, Fla.—Belk-Lindsey
Denver, Colo—Denver Dry Goods Co.
Detroit, Michigan—Demery's, Inc.
Florida—Jordan Marsh
Fresno, Calif.—E. Gottschalk & Co., Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Miss.—Kennington Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—The Jones Store Co.
Lake Charles, La.—Muller Co., Ltd.
Louisville, Kentucky—Kaufman's
Madison, Wisc.—Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Mass. & R.I.—Cherry & Webb
Memphis, Tenn.—Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.—Donaldson's
Missoula, Montana—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Peoria, Ill.—P. A. Bergner & Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.—Diamond's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon—Lipman Wolfe & Co.
Providence, R.I.—The Shepard Co.
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhodes, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif.—Weinstock's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—ZCMI
San Bernadino & Riverside, Calif.—Harris'
San Francisco, Calif.—Macy's
Scranton, Pa.—The Globe
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Southern Calif.—Buffums'
Southern Calif.—Bullock's
Southern Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Southern Calif.—The May Co.
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace.
Topeka, Kansas—Crosby's
Worcester, Mass.—R. H. White's

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

An itch to moisturize

Blame, mostly, steam heat and air conditioning that protect us from unfriendly Fahrenheits but deprive us of humidity, thereby keeping moisture from our skin by the cupful. And dry skin can develop pruritus or, to be blunter, itchiness. Aggravated sometimes by woolen clothes, by a flaky sunburn, by nerves. Whatever the cause, now a counter-measure: Irma Shorell's Body Treatment/35, an essence to pour into the bath that attacks the itch problem in a special way, starting, so to speak, from scratch—with a newly-contrived combination of ingredients that makes the moisture and lubrication hold to the skin long after the bath is over, without inhibiting the skin's natural functions. It also acts as a cleanser so soap isn't really needed (another possible cause of itchiness). Comes in a calibrated bottle that measures dosage, smells inviting. . . . $8.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Don't just scent there, do something

Delicious fragrance? All very well, but it's getting so—in our ever more efficient world—that we expect a fragrance to have other talents besides just scenting. To do something else for us—sleek us, soothe us, powder us, cleanse us, extend itself to give us extra benefits. Rising to this challenge is the trusty house of Shulton with their new collection of Performing Perfumes, to be used in and around the bath. With the name Vive Le Bain, this collection of us-helpers treats us tenderly, while scenting us delightfully with a new jasmine-oriented piquance. In the group: Body Shampoo Gelée that cleanses, refreshes; Body Cologne Powder that poufs on, mist-fine, to absorb moisture, ease the slip-on of clothes; Fragrance Veil, a lotion-type that moisturizes, silks. All these, and more, very ready for perfume talent scouts. . . .

Moonsheen for cheeks

A new member, here, of a famous team known as Moon Drops (or perhaps, now, Lunar Globules?)—a team managed by Revlon and known for its high achievement-level in perking up and prettying up faces, and their attached bodies. The news: Luminesque Blusher—a creamy little pat of moist young colour to smooth on, by fingertips, over the cheeks or, for more luminesquerie, all over the face. Comes in five shades that relate to skin, is almost totally transparent, adds the moonlight touch of an opalescent sheen. Cased in an easy little handful of Burgundy plastic. . . .

cause a flutter



L'AIR DU TEMPS
the romantic perfume
by Nina Ricci, Paris

SWEET LORRAINE



Lorraine coaxes lotus flowers into bloom at midnight. Lotus Print lounge pajamas . . . long and full, and slinky as all get out. Fashioned by Lorraine of Antron* nylon.

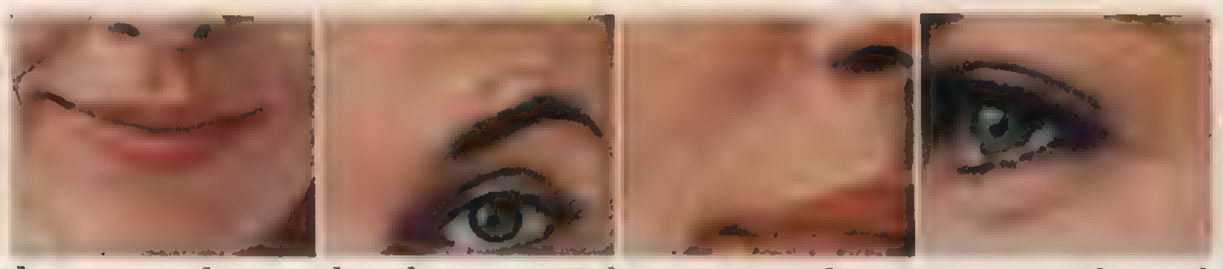
SHOWN: LOTUS PRINT LOUNGE PAJAMAS, SIZES 32-38, $15. NOT SHOWN: LOTUS PRINT SHORT GOWN, SIZES XS-S-M-L, $8; ROBE TRIMMED IN LOTUS PRINT, SIZES XS-S-M-L, $11; LOTUS PRINT SCUFFS, SIZES S-M-L-XL, $3.50. ALL IN ORANGE PRINT OR BLUE PRINT. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE O'BRYAN BROTHERS, INC., 4220 WEST BELMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60641.

*Du Pont registered trademark.

LORRAINE

sweeter still with ANTRON*

Find the oldest-looking spot on your face, and let 'Algene' show what it can do for you.



The more your skin needs it, the better Algene works. So use the oldest-looking area of your face to check your progress. On dry, flaking skin —always prone to lines and wrinkles—Algene's powers are dramatic. You'll see an improvement almost at once. That's because Algene has what no other cream has—Irish Moss, the rich algae from the sea. This natural ingredient recaptures the youthful look of your complexion.

Algene even feels different. It's not so much like putting on cream. More like young silky skin is being created right there under your fingers. And as you keep using it, Algene helps build up your skin's supply of moisture. Each day, a little more. You'll keep running to the mirror to check. You'll keep touching your skin almost in disbelief.



Use Algene regularly. And after a while, you may even forget you ever had an old-looking spot on your face.

Algene comes in Cream or Emulsion form. Also Hand and Body Lotion. From the Satura Collection.



Dorothy Gray
shows you how young you can look

Our makeup artist.



It makes sure you're not wearing somebody else's face.

Did you know faces come in 36 different shades? 36.
Which means chances are pretty good you're wearing someone else's makeup.
Well, to make sure the makeup you're wearing is yours, we'd like to introduce you to a real artist:
Our John Robert Powers Beauty Lens.
Unlike the human eye, it can optically determine the precise shade of your skin.
And once our Powers' beauty consultant knows the exact shade of your skin tone, the rest is easy.



Because she can then create your makeup to match. Or, if you prefer, lighten, darken, even make it glow.
If you'd like to make sure you're not wearing somebody else's face, come to a John Robert Powers cosmetic counter and let our beauty consultant see you. Through the Beauty Lens. With our compliments, of course.
And while you're there ask about our Fluid Gold 'n' Lemon gift treat. That won't cost you anything either.

John Robert Powers

Our gold 'n' lemon gift for you.



It's our way of introducing you to a new and natural way to care for your skin. A way to experience the exhilarating wonders of lemon in beauty treatments.

There's a creamy lotion to cleanse your face. Another to moisturize it. And a bracing refreshener. All in a yellow moiré traveling case. This is a $12 gift. And it's yours with any $5 purchase of John Robert Powers cosmetics.

But there's more. Besides the gift, the Fluid Gold 'n' Lemon line includes a stimulating astringent. A masque to brighten your complexion. And a creme to keep your skin soft and supple through the night.

In every way, we understand your beauty needs. But still we want to do more. That's why we're offering you a $12 Gold 'n' Lemon gift.

To get it, just place a $5 order by phone or mail the attached card.

What's more, if you go to our counter in the store nearest you, our consultant will use the Beauty Lens to determine your exact skin shade and prescribe the make-up just for you.

That's another gift from John Robert Powers.

For the store nearest you call this special toll free number: 800-243-0355*. Any time. Any day.

Offer expires October 31, 1969.

*In Connecticut, call collect: 853-3600

John Robert Powers

TOMMY GUNS AND SIX-STRING GUITARS

A visit to Cuba by Kristi Witker

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A young blonde who was once a photographic model in New York and an actress in eight movies in Japan, Kristi Witker is now an Associate Editor at* American Heritage *magazine. Her reportage of the 1968 Robert F. Kennedy campaign turned up in two books:* Bobby *and* RFK, His Life and Death. *She visited Cuba several months ago as a writer for North American Newspaper Alliance and* American Heritage.

Havana was not what I expected. It is not all done in grey; neither is it a Caribbean playground. It is Cuban and Communist, which means that it is a confusion of doctrine and caprice, of Czechoslovakian tommy guns and six-string guitars. Although it was six in the evening, the rush hour, only a few cars crept in slow motion along the coast road. With the exception of those for government use, no importation of cars has taken place since 1959; and, according to high officials, it never will again. The automobile is vanishing. Those that still whimper along date from another era, giving a strange sense of timelessness.

Down in Cathedral Square a few people in work shirts were gathered at an outdoor cabaret. I couldn't seem to conjure up any of that six o'clock mood but then I didn't feel that Leningrad bleakness either; it was somewhere in between. Perhaps a movie would be the thing. There was a Czech film and the marquee's sign was interesting: "The performance will start at 8 or 8:30 sharp." While I waited to see just which it might be I met Paquito. Tall, dark-haired, exceptionally good-looking, he wore a bulky white sweater with a huge blue "Y" on the front. The "Y" was, in fact, an emblem from the old Miramar Yacht Club, now known as Patrice Lumumba Beach; and Paquito was a first-year physics student at Havana University. He should have been in psychology—his first question was that of a mind reader. "Would you like something to eat?"

So far the revolution had been statistics—now suddenly it was twenty-eight flavours. Coppelia, the Howard Johnson's of Havana, stretched before us, a giant structure like an octopus, its arms, queues converging on an outdoor-indoor multi-level sweet-tooth palace. It was pleasant in the line. There were so many more people queued outside than actually eating that you forgot you were waiting. This was where the action was—couples laughing, flirting, and greeting friends. Suddenly we were doing the same, and Luis, another student, joined us. I couldn't figure out what it was that was different about him until I realized that, with the exception of a couple of American Students for a Democratic Society who had been on the flight, no one in Havana was particularly hairy. Luis was the first and he caught my glance. "I've got to get it cut," he laughed, "or they'll think I've got personal defects (the Castro régime's term for homosexual tendencies) and ship me off to one of the farms. They think work cures everything!" It seemed odd that a revolution begun by Fidel and Che should wind up so disapproving of long hair. But I remembered someone telling me that during last September's hippie roundup police had converged on La Rampa, a bustling street near the big hotels, and had carted off any man with shaggy hair and any girl in a mini-skirt.

Later we sat near the Old Capitol overlooking Cathedral Square. The cabaret nearby had filled up, and a white-haired man plucked a guitar. In the 1950's, Paquito told me, the cabaret had been one of the most popular Cuban night spots, and its vestiges of elegance remained—the circular iron balconies, the ornate cash register, the empty gaping shelves around the bar. Most of Havana's bars and cabarets have been closed since March, 1968, when Castro, who is always called Fidel by the people, decided that bars and cabarets were not in accord with the true revolutionary spirit. "Centres of drunkenness, prostitution, and counter-revolutionary activity," the newspapers had called them, but more likely they were closed simply because Havana, in Fidel's words, is "the superdeveloped capital of an underdeveloped country," too big, too expensive, too frivolous, a monument to the things the revolution is trying to abolish.

As the countryside is what the revolution is about, there is little point in letting Havana offer big-city enticements. If there had never been bars, perhaps their absence would not be felt. But there once were over nine hundred of them, which means that if you walk anywhere in Havana you pass countless darkened and gate-covered façades bearing signs that still promise attractions within. "We were furious," said Paquito, "because we couldn't understand it. It wasn't logical." Apparently it wasn't logical to the authorities either, because although the bars remained closed, most of the restaurants and cabarets had reopened.

The Foreign Ministry thought the visiting journalists might like to see workers in action the following morning. I'd thought so, too, until someone handed me a hoe and I realized we were those workers. After all, how many chances did I get in New York to plant a coffee tree, especially with a Cuban film company making a documentary film of my planting a coffee

(Continued on page 96)



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Who does she think she is wearing swakara®?

Clue:

She was a very ice girl.



Answer: Who else but little miss good skate. Now who's whoing it in Swakara karakul lamb from South West Africa. Swakara sporting a swathe of suede. Swakara winging its weigh. Swakara dashing. Swakara flashing. Swakara dyed deep-down brown on black. Swakara cutting some pretty tricky figures and (such a lamb of a fur) assuring every girl she ought to be in pictures.

Swakara Fur Information Bureau
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In swakara you're somebody whoever you are.



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AND ROUND AND COMES WITHOUT SEAMS.
SO SHOULD YOUR BRA.

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Soft and young and completely contemporary. Couture styling in Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal.

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ONLY A WOMAN understands what you really want in hairpieces . . . the healthy gloss of natural colors that even you can't tell from yours . . . a versatile range of original designs from the smallest wiglet to the longest fall . . . natural hairline wigs, long wig falls, tendrils, stretch wigs . . . the newest ideas, all first from Edith Imre.

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Halle Brothers — All Stores, Ohio
Joseph Horne — Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. L. Hudson Co. — All Stores, Mich.
Lord & Taylor — All Stores, N. Y., N. J., Pa., Conn., Mass., D.C.
Maison Blanche — New Orleans, La.
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Cuba

(Continued from page 92)

tree? Even though it was hard work, several things made it bearable—actually fun: A loudspeaker provided bouncy Cuban music, and I found it unquestionably more pleasant to have a little frug with my hoeing.

Back from the fields. I decided to walk to Old Havana, which meant going along the Malecón with the ocean glistening in the sun, past the island where a huge white statue of Christ, a present from Señora Batista, still watched over La Cabaña prison, and through the winding Spanish streets. There were crowds in the streets of Havana, and this was pleasing, especially as there was not much to look at in the store displays. So empty were the windows that one expected notices to read "Moved to new address." In one, there were three nylon stockings (I wondered why not two or four at least).

Everyone queues—for sweaters, for groceries, for shoes. The shoe line, in fact, was preparing for a night's vigil because of a rumour that a new shipment had just arrived. It occurred to me that the disadvantages of Communism are far more palatable in a warm climate than in a cold one. A wild array of styles floated by on passing crowds—the New Look, the old look, the shoulder-padded 'forties, and occasionally, as a shock to the eye, a pair of patterned stockings or a mod chain belt, perhaps presents from abroad. Everyone was curious about me. "Rusa?" they asked as I passed. I don't look Russian, and the last nationality they thought of was American. But the words "Norte Americano" brought, almost without exception, the same spontaneous expressions of relief and pleasure. Faces lit up, people pressed around, and there were questions. What would happen to me when I returned to the United States? Do the American people hate Cuba? Did I like Havana? Although the Russians shove the equivalent of about a million dollars a day into the Cuban economy, the empty store windows and winding queue lines were the result primarily of the American blockade.

A young man in the crowd suddenly introduced himself and asked me to go for a drive in his car. I stepped into the car, or rather, through it; the floorboards had rusted, and if one of the larger holes had not been completely plugged up with my leg, I could have seen a good portion of the street. The car, he told me, was a '51 Chevrolet. "Wait," he suddenly shouted. "please, please don't use that in anything you write. Say it was a '51 Plymouth! I'll be honest with you, but you must give a promise to change all I say. Otherwise I will be in great trouble. No one can know it is me.

"Life now," he went on, "it is too much trouble for me. You like buy this. You like buy that. You like sit in the park. You like travel. Everything is no. Why come people from America to Cuba?" he said. "Here we no have lawyer, no have clothes, no travel, no free. Why?" I couldn't answer.

That night there was a reception at the Presidential Palace and I was eager to go, mainly for something to eat. I had begun to feel the effects of several days of no food; I could get meals at the hotel but that was the only place. Any restaurant meant interminable queuing and somehow I never seemed to be anywhere near the hotel at mealtimes. Although several Cuban friends had invited me to dinner at their houses, I knew that I could easily eat up their weekly ration, three-quarters of a pound of meat a person.

At the reception I became part of a crowd—all the foreign embassy people, *invitados*, Cuban dignitaries, and the visiting journalists. I didn't notice at one point that I stood beside a tall, bearded man wearing green fatigues. He put out his hand and asked me who I was. I couldn't remember. I had pictured Fidel as over-haired, rumpled, and rather scruffy. Instead, there was this attractive, wistful-looking man with a firm handshake and gentle voice, asking me questions. I was supposed to be asking him questions. . . . How did he feel on the eve of the tenth

(Continued on page 102)

THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY

Herbert Levy

The perfect traveler shown on opposite page also at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
Birmingham — Parisian
Mobile — Gayfer's
Montgomery — Miller's
ARIZONA
Phoenix — Goldwaters
Tucson — Levy's Of Tucson
ARKANSAS
Little Rock — M. M. Cohn
CALIFORNIA
Southern California — Draper's
Carmel — Pernie's
Fresno — Gottschalk's
Long Beach — Schick's
Modesto — Hammet's
Sacramento — Woman's World
San Francisco — Livingston Bros.
COLORADO
Denver — The Denver
Pueblo — Peggy Sue Dress Shop
CONNECTICUT
Monroe — The Unicorn Dress Shop
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — Frank R. Jelleff
FLORIDA
Pensacola — Gayfer's
GEORGIA
Atlanta — Rich's
Augusta — Cullum's
Macon — Jos. N. Neel Co.
ILLINOIS
Chicago — Carson Pirie Scott
Danville — Parisian (Oscar Meis)
Mattoon — Helen Montgomery
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Cuba

(Continued from page 96)

anniversary? "Very pleased but there is still a great deal of work to be done." Did he think there would be any change in the relations between Cuba and the United States? "Not unless American policy toward Cuba changes radically." Were things going as he'd hoped? "Basically, but there is still much work to be done. . . ."

I began to realize that I was not getting any startling revelations, and Fidel appeared to be more interested in asking questions than in answering them. He is known for his knowledge of facts and figures. I am not. I would have preferred it the other way. He was curious to know what sort of things I'd read about him, and I mentioned a particularly enjoyable book I'd begun on the plane to Mexico. He looked crestfallen, "Oh," he said, "it must be very boring if you're still reading it." I suddenly felt I had to convince him that it had been a short flight.

Back at the hotel I discovered that my brief encounter with Fidel was being considered the only journalist "interview." "How," snarled a Pakistani television woman, "did you *manoeuvre* that?"

The Maximum Leader was scheduled to speak in the Plaza at eleven the following morning. At two minutes before eleven there came the sound of applause, and then Fidel was on the podium. He began rapidly with a feeling of great urgency. There would be no military parade, he said, because "we decided not to use up one single gallon of fuel or to stay away from work one minute longer than necessary for a military parade on this tenth anniversary." The romance of the celebration faded into reality. "Today marks the beginning of an eighteen-month-long year. . . . We have to complete the 1969 harvest and carry out part of the 1970 one. . . . Thus, the next New Year will probably be celebrated on July 1, while next Christmas will be celebrated between the first and the twenty-sixth of July." The crowd applauded. I wondered how many cheers Richard Nixon would have gotten for an eighteen-month year.

I studied the crowd. They faced Fidel who, along with the Cuban flag and a huge statue of José Martí, was framed against the sky, looking very strong and revolutionary. Everyone seemed to be listening (many of them through hair curlers), but they were also eating, holding their children, and talking to each other. It was, however, the quietest crowd I had ever seen, something like a well-behaved but relaxed classroom. Then he was knocking them dead with thought-provokers like: "To apply two million tons net content, one has to calculate four to eight million tons of fertilizer to be applied in the fields, according to their level of concentration. . . . This year Cuba is applying more than one and a half millions tons of fertilizer in the fields—more than a half million net content." He was losing me but he was not losing them. He was the patient teacher, the enraged parent.

In the old days a six-hour speech was not unusual, but now after a brief two hours and ten minutes, he named the coming eighteen-month period "The Year of Decisive Endeavour." As abruptly as he had begun he stopped, and the crowd vanished.

One day, I managed to find the right bus to visit some friends. María and Amelio live more comfortably than most of the other young Cubans I met. She is spectacularly beautiful, twenty-three, speaks English, and wishes she were a model, except for the one slight hitch that there is just nothing to model. She and her husband, a designer, and their two-year-old son live in a two-bedroom apartment, a rarity that is theirs only because it was her father-in-law's pre-revolution office.

"The class that is suffering now," María said, "is the middle. It was the best class—the high, high class was very corrupt; and the poor class had no education. Now the amount of food for a month—well, no matter what you do, it doesn't last. So everyone trades and goes to

(Continued on page 104)



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Cuba

(Continued from page 102)

the black market. The struggle for survival is simply too difficult."

"Just a minute," the television announcer interrupted, "are you sure you did not leave a light on in the bathroom or the hall? Why not turn it off before you settle down to enjoy the program?"

"Many people feel as I do," María continued. "After ten years of the revolution we thought the results would be more positive. Every year they told us we'd have something we don't have. Everything is going down, not up."

Here Amelio broke in, "I think the problem for us is that we lived in the capitalist society. We know the good things of both. We knew Batista and we don't want *that* back. But we can't accept this life totally because we know the other one. I think the revolution is for the next generation that didn't know capitalism."

Later that evening I spent several hours with the next generation. A young friend named Juana was giving a dessert party—a common way of entertaining during rationing, and about eight of us gathered in the tiny pink-walled living room to listen to records, talk, dance, and drink our small portions of rum. Juana's mother had baked some honey cakes that sat almost as a centrepiece on a table with a shiny linoleum cover in odd contrast to the Spanish-tiled floor.

Two books, *In Cold Blood* and *The Education of Henry Adams*, sat on the floor next to an old-fashioned Victrola on which The Beatles's "Help" alternated with Crazy Otto and a Cuban tango spun continuously.

Juana and her friends seemed to typify certain characteristics I had found in many of the teenagers I had gotten to know—an almost childlike naïveté and innocence combined with toughness and single-mindedness. Although she looked much younger, Juana was in her fourth year at Havana University—a biochemistry major—and she was pretty and delicate-looking. It made me sad to see her in the same white blouse and baggy black skirt she had worn the three evenings I had been with her. It was her only skirt and it seemed a terrible waste that rationing should strike the young and attractive. Juana, however, seemed oblivious.

"We haven't had things in so long," she said, "we've lost interest. My mother misses everything more than I do. She's always complaining that she can't have this and she can't have that. Unfortunately, too, she's the one who does our shopping so she gets all the queues. It's harder for the government to get the older ones to adapt than the young. For me, I look forward to graduating and finally seeing the results of my work. Now I'm too busy."

I asked about the eighteen-month year, and a new boy broke in. "Fidel could say almost anything—the Cubans are fanatics. All the women are in love with him."

Theresa, a fifteen-year-old girl, broke in: "I'm not. Fidel talks too much. He's a person of temperament, and when he's angry, he says things. He doesn't think first. Like with the Chinese—they were making some problems and Fidel went on television and told Mao he was senile. So the Chinese took the rice away, but he had to do it because it was what he felt."

"Che was even more honest." said Mario. "I remember—it was about 1964—and Che got on television and said, 'We have the sugar . . . we have the syrup . . . but our Coca-Cola is so bad it tastes like shit!' "

What about their lives bothered them most, I asked. "Not being able to travel," answered Juana.

"No," said Theresa, "it's the schools. The directors are so backward and behind the times. I'd like to change all the old and replace them with the young. They pay too much attention to long hair and short skirts and don't notice the important things. They don't care about the feelings of the students." Her words had a faintly familiar ring.

It was getting late. Juana and I were enjoying a few last swal-

(Continued on page 106)

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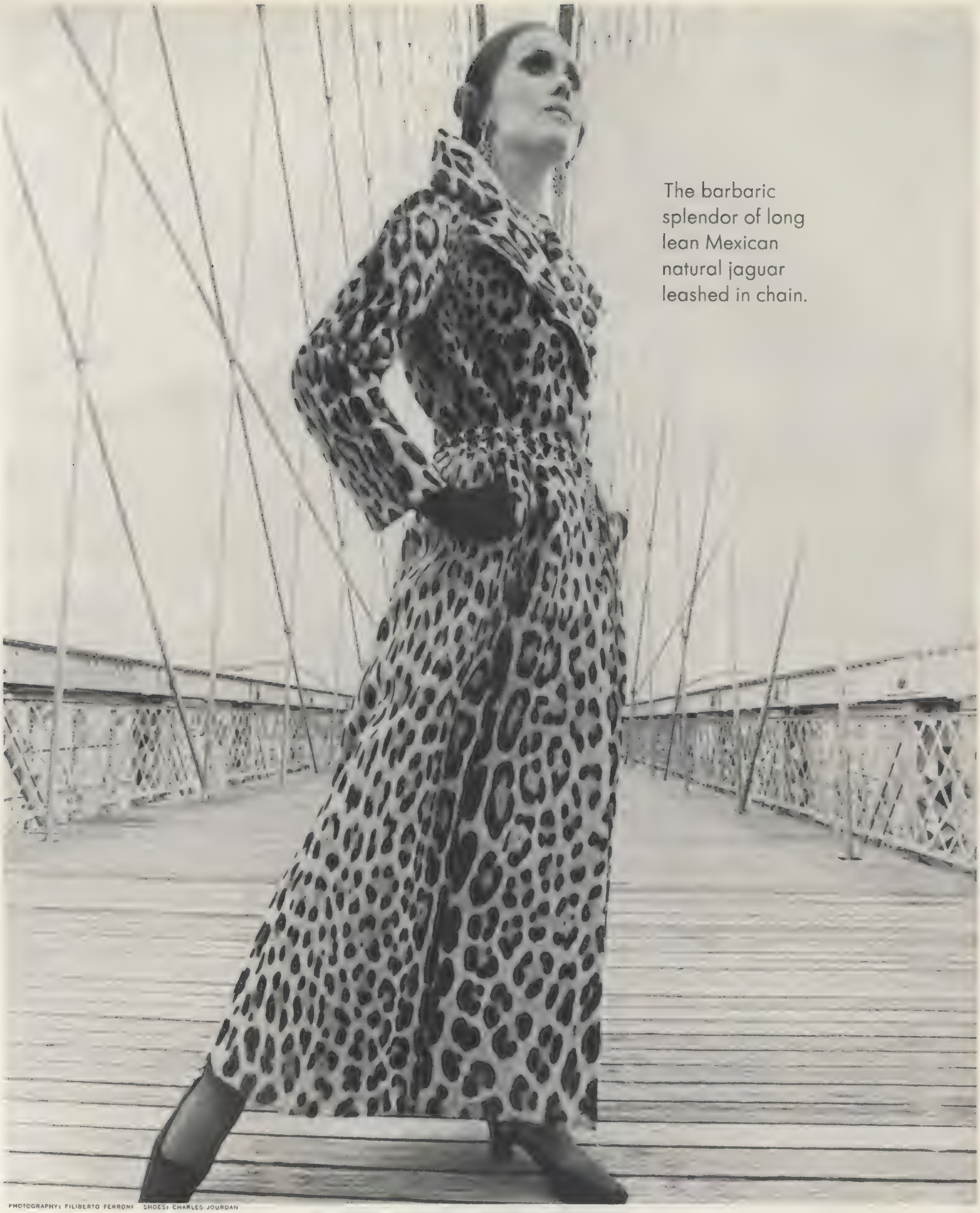
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Cuba

(Continued from page 104)

lows of rum. Suddenly she burst out. "You know—all this work and study and revolutionary doctrine—sometimes I just want to feel the wind through my hair. That's when I feel really panicked. What if it isn't worth it? What if all the good things in life are passing me by?"

Driving out of Havana the next morning, the bus lumbered through the residential Vedado section, past luxurious Miami-styled hotels, now the dormitories for scholarship students, and finally onto Carretera Central toward the province of Pinar del Rio. A truck overtook us. It wasn't hard. Attached to its fender hung a sign—"Equipped with a motor from the U.S.S.R." I wondered if we were wearing a sign—"Equipped with a motor from 1902." We passed a road sign announcing the entrance of a technical school "To Train 300 Women to Take the Posts of Men" and then we were in the rolling hills with their red earth and drooping *flamboyań* trees.

Finally, we were in San Andrés, a valley that was once ruled by three wealthy landowners. Now it is a thirty-mile area with twenty-nine schools, a hospital, a mobile medical unit, and a completely new town, which is where my camera chose to hurl itself from its shoulder strap.

In the completely new town there was a completely new hardware store, which seemed like a sensible place to take my rather old camera. The man in the store could not have been more helpful, neither could a huge crowd of people who suddenly assembled out of nowhere. There was only one problem. The store had neither a nail, nor a screw, nor a piece of string. It did, however, have a charming young man, anxious to help me to whatever it did have, and who spotted in my hair the essence of hardware. If I could undo my ponytail, he could shape up that camera with the rubber band. And he did. Not only that, but he bought me a big rubber ball stamped "Made in Czechoslovakia." I was sorry to leave San Andrés.

And then it was my last night in Cuba. I had not been aware. until this moment, how very much at home I felt in Havana and how accustomed I had become to an almost moneyless society; I no longer even *tried* to tip a porter or pay for a phone call. At the Nacional Hotel. where I stayed, my mailbox was stuffed with messages, the maid rushed to get my key, and two teen-aged girls were waiting to give me some issues of a Cuban fashion magazine I had asked them about. Together we walked down to the Capri for coffee. I wanted to relax—to forget finally that I had come to Cuba to work and to question. But it was hopeless. I had never realized how geared I was to a Good Guy-Bad Guy concept of life. I hadn't thought so, but if not, why did I feel so uncomfortable and so torn?

The coffee was cold. Gloria toyed with the sugar, laughed, and leaned back in her chair. "I'm an unorthodox revolutionary—not like my father," she said. "He's an orthodox revolutionary. He believes anything anyone tells him. I only believe what I see. I'm too tainted by the old ideas. You know, a lot of people gripe and complain and you'd think they are totally against the revolution, but," her voice trailed off, "if there were any threat, if they thought they might lose it. . . ."

I asked: "But, you are happy?" She sighed, "No one can be happy. This is a time of a lot of things—it's mostly impossible. I can't feel happy—not really—because of the food and clothes and some laws and things that bother me. The happiness of people consists of believing in the future. So, I suppose, in that sense, maybe, yes. Things can't stay as they are. I expect they will be better. I have faith they will be better."

My time in this timeless city had run out. Paquito was picking me up for dinner in fifteen minutes. It was the first time I had rushed in three weeks. I was just leaving my room when something made me pause. And I, who had never in my life conserved a single kilowatt, went back and turned off the lights.



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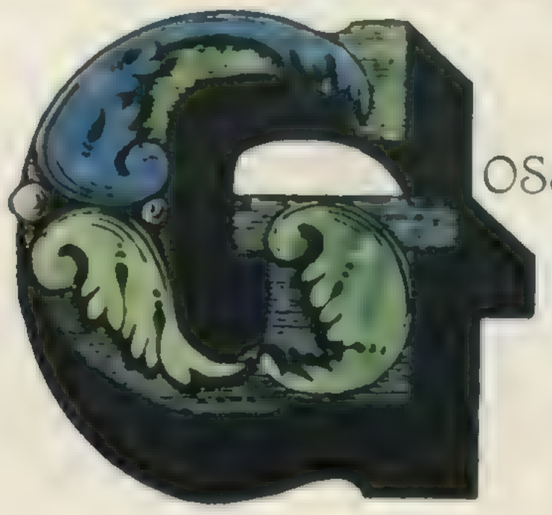
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I guess I'm just a girl who can't say no.
At least not to this fantastic Elite coat of
Borg's Molay™. But let's face it, not many girls
could resist this one — wow!
It's absolutely right out of the steppes of Russia.
Watch out Dr. Zhivago, here I come.



Coat by Elite designed by Luba of Borg's Molay. 100% Orlon* Acrylic. Price: $300. Available at: BONWIT TELLER, DAYTON'S, The HALLE Bros. CO., NEIMAN MARCUS, Inc., MAGNIN & Co.

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Lasting
Beauty
MAKE-UP FINISH
by
RICHARD HUDNUT

Keep your face on longer.

Think of it. From now on, your makeup isn't going to fade away as soon as you put it on. Your eye shadows and blushers and your makeup base will stay fresh as new for hours longer. That's most of the day. Or, most of the evening.

Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish is here. It's a brand-new idea. Lasting Beauty is a cool, gentle mist that you spray on right after your makeup goes on.

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Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish is hypo-allergenic and you can use it, of course, to protect any kind of makeup you wear.

Give your makeup Lasting Beauty every day from now on, and you can keep your face on longer. Your prettiest face. The one you have when all your makeup is fresh and new and doing what it's supposed to do.

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Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. One spray and your makeup will look fresh for 5, 6, 7 hours. Maybe more.





Calèche.
If this fragrance were a painting, who would have painted it?

Not Gauguin.
His would be too sultry with jasmine.
Not Ingres.
Too heavy with patchouli and musk.
Botticelli, perhaps,
if his Springtime were a French spring,
with a little of Monet's softened sunlight
dappled in.

If it were a city, what city
would you think of?

We think it would be Avignon,
with all the fountains plashing.
But you might think of Paris,
if you took just the right patch of Paris,
and set it in the midst of Aix en Provence.

If it were music?

Chamber music, almost certainly,
and almost certainly by Mozart.
And yet, you know those Chopin waltzes?
The ones that catch at your throat
in the midst of whirling?
Or those songs of the Auvergne
that Madeleine Grey used to sing?

If it were a color?

Blue-white-yellow. Fragile as an iris
reflected in a pond full of sky.

And if it were a woman?

What do you think she'd be like,
from the things we've said already?
If you know,
then you must know her from the inside.
You'll find a little of
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will undoubtedly prefer something else.



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for the girl who knows . . .

Tie in with the big fashion look in a go-wherever double knit of 55% Dacron* polyester-45% wool. Gold dust (shown), sky dust blue, dusty rose. Sizes 8 to 18. About $33. **R & K Originals,** 1400 Broadway, New York, New York 10018, a Division of Jonathan Logan.

1 2

These are four pictures of Judy.
(1) With her own hair. (2) With our stretch wig. (3) With our fall. (4) With our wiglette. You can look 1, 2, 3, 4 different ways, too.

3 4

Helene Curtis just made a wig that will make your hair jealous.

We really wish that you had one of our Nature Blend wigs in your hands now.

Because then you'd believe us when we tell you that Nature Blend wigs not only look better than most wigs, they actually behave better than your own hair.

One of the reasons Nature Blend wigs look better is that they can mix and match with practically anyone's hair perfectly. You see, Nature Blend isn't only one color. (That's what makes other wigs look fake.) Our wig is a blend of many different shades, exactly the way your own hair is.

There's a choice of 24 different shades, including frosteds. You'll be amazed at how closely they match your hair.

This color blending is an art. And our wigs are blended by hand. They look more natural than any other wigs. Even with our wiglettes and falls, you can't see the difference between your own hair and Nature Blend. You won't be able to feel the difference, either. Really.

There's another reason why you'll look more lovely in our wigs. Nature Blend wigs are more versatile about styling than anyone else's wigs.

You won't be stuck with wearing just one style. You can switch your wig to the latest glamorous look with just a simple flip of the brush.

But we said that Nature Blend actually behaves better than your own hair. And it really does. The secret's in our special Modac 53™ process fibre.

You have to set your own hair. You don't set a Nature Blend wig. The curl stays in. It won't go limp. Or frizzy. Even in damp or rainy weather.

You can throw your wig in a suitcase. Then shake it out, brush it out and wear it. You can wash it yourself and not have to sit around waiting for your hair to dry. Its color will not fade. Even in the sun.

It's a stretch wig, so it fits any head. And it has a ventilated base, so it feels light and cool.

And here's something that's very important. Helene Curtis is the only quality name you know that's making wigs. And what's more, you'll get a one-year Helene Curtis Replacement Guarantee with every wig.

There's one thing we haven't talked about directly. And that's how truly marvelous you'll look in a Nature Blend wig.

The only way you can find out is to try one on. See how much a wig, wiglette or fall can do for your hair.

Because if you don't, you'll never know what you're missing. Wiglettes, $9.95. Falls, $17.95. Wigs, $29.95.

Nature Blend™ by Helene Curtis

Wigs, wiglettes and falls

Portrait of the Co-Star of a New TV Series, Size 7



See Linda Harrison co-starring in 20th Century Fox TV's new series "Bracken's World," Friday nights on NBC-TV.

The fashions that take a girl places come from 84 remarkable stores that are going places. The coast-to-coast specialty stores that make a size 3, 5, 7 or 9 the most marvelous size to be. For superb selections and fabulous fit, *walk right into it at*

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Answer Our Eight Beauty Questions

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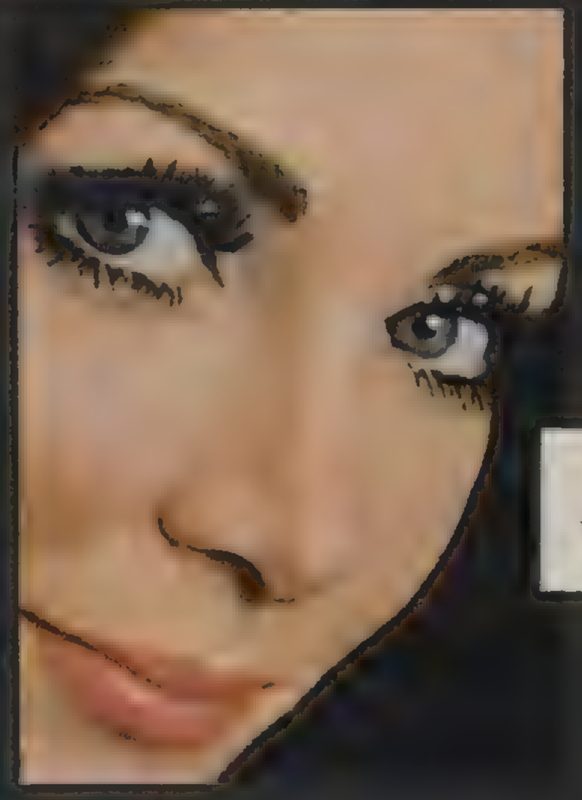


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THE WEATHER IN SAN FRANCISCO

A short story by Richard Brautigan

It was a cloudy afternoon with an Italian butcher selling a pound of meat to a very old woman, but who knows what such an old woman could possibly use a pound of meat for?

She was too old for that much meat. Perhaps she used it for a beehive and she had five hundred golden bees at home waiting for the meat, their bodies stuffed with honey.

"What kind of meat would you like today?" the butcher said. "We have some good hamburger. It's lean."

"I don't know," she said. "Hamburger is something else."

"Yeah, it's lean. I ground it myself. I put a lot of lean meat in it."

"Hamburger doesn't sound right," she said.

"Yeah," the butcher said. "It's a good day for hamburger. Look outside. It's cloudy. Some of those clouds have rain in them. I'd get the hamburger," he said.

"No," she said. "I don't want any hamburger, and I don't think it's going to rain. I think the sun is going to come out, and it will be a beautiful day, and I want a pound of liver."

The butcher was stunned. He did not like to sell liver to old ladies. There was something about it that made him very nervous. He didn't want to talk to her any more.

He reluctantly sliced a pound of liver off a huge red chunk and wrapped it up in white paper and put it into a brown bag. It was a very unpleasant experience for him.

He took her money, gave her the change, and went back to the poultry section to try and get a hold of his nerves.

By using her bones like the sails of a ship, the old woman passed outside into the street. She carried the liver as if it were a victory to the bottom of a very steep hill.

She climbed the hill and being very old, it was hard on her. She grew tired and had to stop and rest many times before she reached the top.

At the top of the hill was the old woman's house: a tall San Francisco house with bay windows that reflected a cloudy day.

She opened her purse which was like a small autumn field and near the fallen branches of an old apple tree, she found her keys.

Then she opened the door. It was a dear and trusted friend. She nodded at the door and went into the house and walked down a long hall into a room that was filled with bees.

There were bees everywhere in the room. Bees on the chairs. Bees on the photograph of her dead parents. Bees on the curtains. Bees on an ancient radio that once listened to the 1930s. Bees on her comb and brush.

The bees came to her and gathered about her lovingly while she unwrapped the liver and placed it upon a cloudy silver platter that soon changed into a sunny day.

If you had ever smelled this perfume, you'd be wearing it right now.



You can discover Carven's glorious Ma Griffe perfume this very minute. There's a Ma Griffe sampler right beside this page. Give it one flick with your fingernail and you'll know how beautiful a great French perfume can be. Then wear Ma Griffe, and find out how beautiful you can be.

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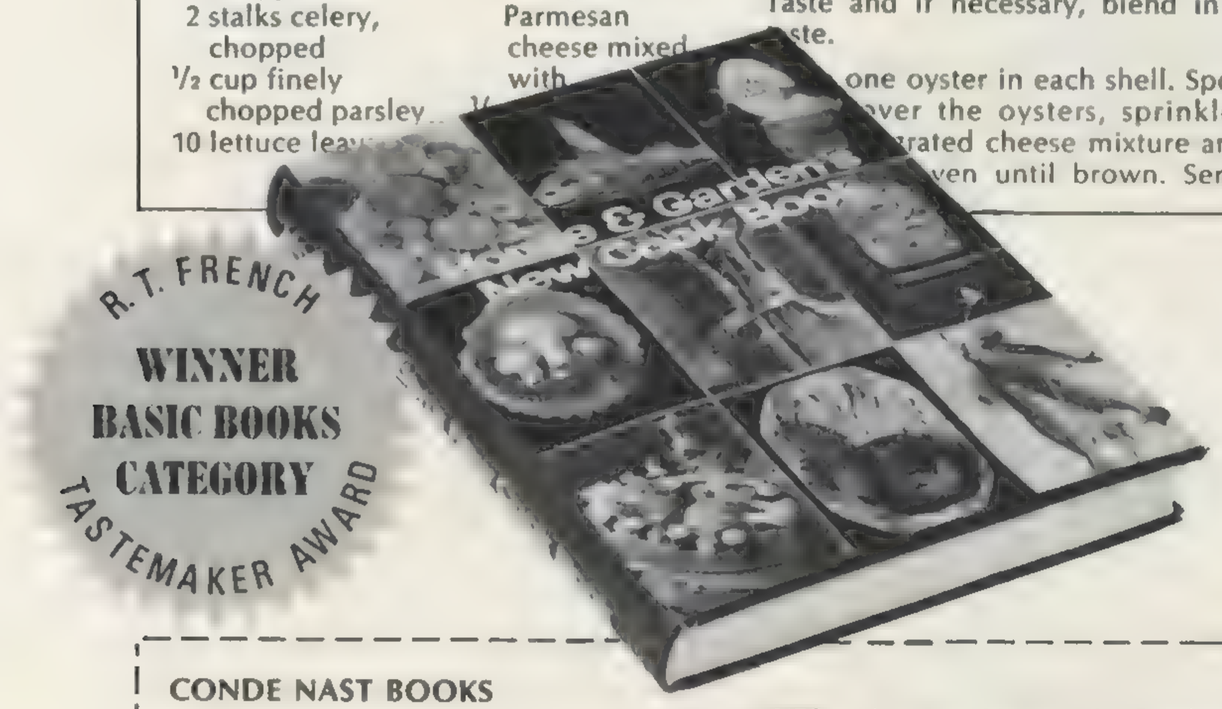
OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER A LA LOUISIANE

2 dozen oysters on the half shell
1 pound fresh spinach, cooked and drained well
1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots
½ clove garlic, finely chopped
6 scallions, trimmed and chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
½ cup finely chopped parsley
10 lettuce leaves
½ pound butter, melted
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
Tabasco to taste
3 tablespoons Pernod
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese mixed with

Remove the oysters and any oyster liquor from the shells and put into a saucepan. Bring just to the boil, remove from the heat and reserve. Place the shells on a rack and bake in a 450° oven for 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, combine the cooked spinach, shallots, garlic, scallions, celery, parsley, lettuce and melted butter in the blender. Blend quickly, pushing the mixture down with a rubber spatula when necessary. Add the bread crumbs, Worcestershire sauce, anchovy paste, Tabasco and Pernod. Taste and if necessary, blend in salt to taste.

...one oyster in each shell. Spoon the ...over the oysters, sprinkle them ...grated cheese mixture and bake ...ven until brown. Serve hot.



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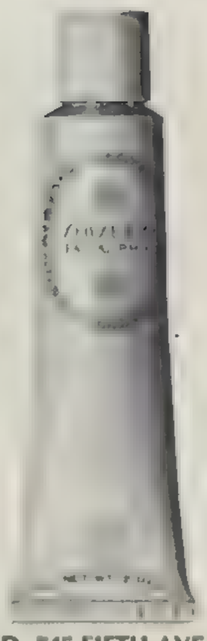
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Puzzles to deril the mind

By Ivan Morris

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These brain-testers, requiring no special technical knowledge or advanced mathematical skill, come from the book* The Riverside Puzzles *by Professor Ivan Morris, of Columbia University, with illustrations by Sir Hugh Casson, which was published in July by Walker & Company. The puzzles here range in difficulty from Brief Diversions to a Hard Nut.*

Give a complete, grammatical English sentence ending with the word "and" (*not* in inverted commas as in: The last word in this sentence is "and."). Try to reword the sentence so that it contains all the same information but does not end with "and." [HARD NUT]

Sarah is the girl I am sitting between the window and. Sarah is the girl who is on the other side of me from the window.

(Time: 5 minutes) "You have confessed," said Judge Ling as the prisoner was removed from the rack, "and now it is time for the sentence. You were stupid enough to commit a crime and to be convicted for it. Let us see how far your stupidity really goes. I shall allow you to choose your own sentence out of three possibilities: silver, bronze, and tin. One sentence is a fine of a hundred pounds of gold, another is a year in chains, another is slow strangulation. Remember that, according to our laws, if you do not promptly pay a fine, you are automatically sentenced to two years in chains. You do not know which sentence corresponds to which metal, but within five minutes you may ask me two questions of the type that can be answered by a yes or a no. Then you must declare your choice, silver, bronze, or tin." If you were the prisoner, what would be your questions? [BRIEF DIVERSION]

If you had the gold, you would obviously prefer to pay the fine; otherwise you would prefer the year in chains. If you had the gold, your first questions would be: "Is silver the fine?" and, if the answer is negative, you would ask, "Is bronze the fine?" Otherwise your questions would be, "Is silver the imprisonment?" and "Is bronze the imprisonment?"

What conclusion can we draw if we use at least five of the following six premises: 1. All women who read Vogue are literate and some play the French horn. 2. Prunella van Blitz is a sweet, loving wife and plays the piccolo before breakfast. 3. Women who don't believe that adultery is a greater sin than armed robbery with violence have a chance of becoming creative artists of no mean stature. 4. No literate women consider that adultery is a greater sin than armed robbery with violence. 5. Women who don't drink at least three Gibsons before dinner are more likely to be sweet, loving wives than predatory Hollywood actresses. 6. No women who play the French horn drink at least three Gibsons before dinner. [BRIEF DIVERSION]

There are many ways of combining these premises, but all lead to the same ineluctable conclusion that some women who have a chance of becoming creative artists of no mean stature are more likely to be sweet, loving wives than predatory Hollywood actresses.

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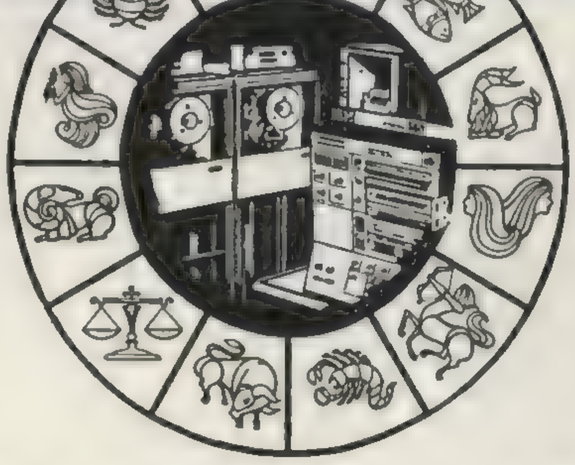


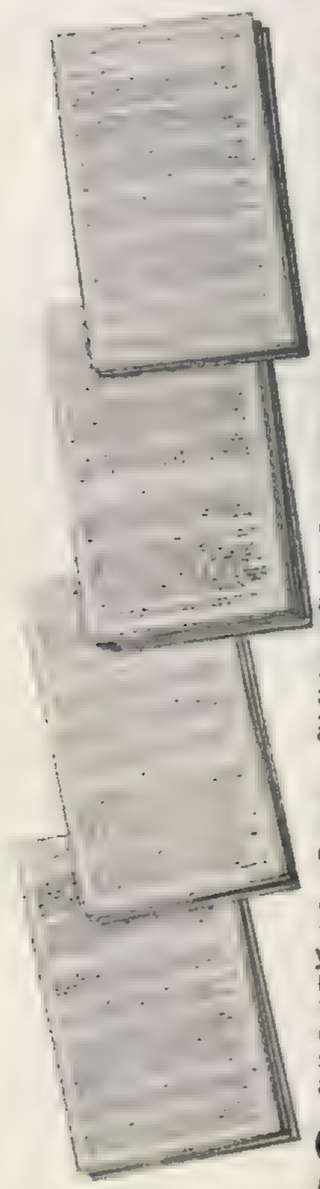
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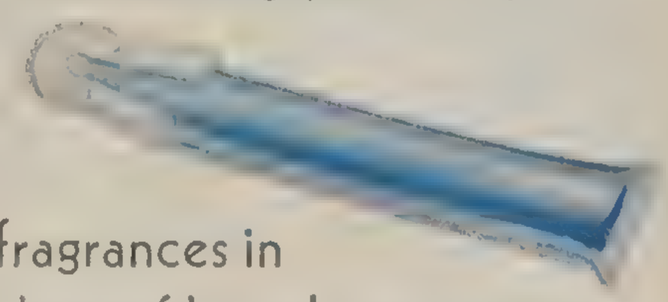


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Greek wedding of Josephine Chaplin and Nicholas Sistovaris, Lausanne, Switzerland



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With bells, incense, and a scattering of rose petals, Josephine Chaplin and Nicholas Sistovaris circled the small altar in a Greek Orthodox church—a flower-heaped country wedding. The priest broke the ceremony briefly to thank the bride's father, Charlie Chaplin, for the pleasure he had brought through his movies.

Afterwards, in nearby Vevey at the Manoir de Ban, the house of Miss Chaplin's parents, the guests danced on the lawn tented in blue and white. After dinner, four hundred guests were confronted by lashings of *vin rosé* and champagne and five thousand *petits fours*. The whee lasted until dawn, and Charlie Chaplin, obviously pleased with his daughter and her young husband, remained until the end, amusing his guests. At one point during the feast, the host said with pleasure, "I am ruined." The cause, at least, was a joyous one.

1. Bride and groom at the wedding ceremony. 2. Victoria Chaplin, Stephan Chaplin and Mrs. Charles Chaplin. 3. Miss Geraldine Chaplin dancing with Señor Carlos Saura. 4. Miss Caroline Bridge, Mr. Khalid Fattah, Miss Lillemor Bjuhr. 5. Mr. and Mrs. John Sistovaris. 6. Mlle. Alexandra Sabet, Señor Juan Carlos Bernsau and Mlle. Marie-Christine Harispuru. 7. H.R.H. Principe Vittorio Emanuele di Savoia and Mlle. Marina Doria. 8. Mr. Charles Chaplin with the bride. 9. Young attendants with flower-decorated tapers: Eugene Chaplin, Jane Chaplin, Annette Chaplin. 10. Mr. Nicholas Sistovaris with Mr. Nelson Seabra, and Mlle. Birgitta Laaf.



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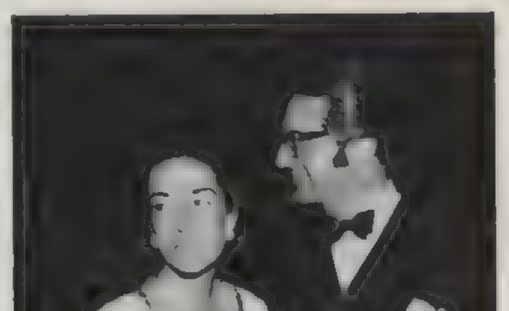
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VOGUE'S

Party in a monster fishbowl at Chicago



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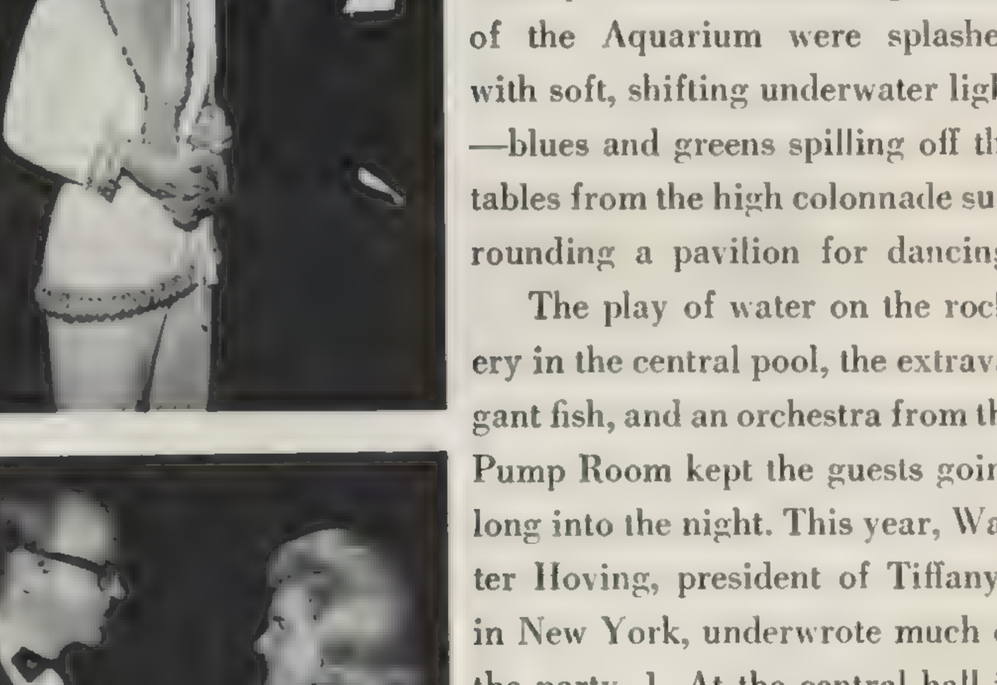
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Dancing in the corridors of the John G. Shedd Aquarium, the friends and members of the Woman's Board of Chicago Boys Clubs rejoiced at their twentieth anniversary. The white marble galleries of the Aquarium were splashed with soft, shifting underwater light —blues and greens spilling off the tables from the high colonnade surrounding a pavilion for dancing.

The play of water on the rockery in the central pool, the extravagant fish, and an orchestra from the Pump Room kept the guests going long into the night. This year, Walter Hoving, president of Tiffany's in New York, underwrote much of the party. 1. At the central hall in the Shedd Aquarium. 2. Mrs. Emily Ward Nixon, Mr. John H. Davis. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore S. Gary,



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NOTEBOOK



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Jr. 4. Mr. William P. Braker, Director of the Aquarium, and Mrs. James Coulter at the dolphin tank. 5. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Davies near the fish. 6. Mr. George B. Young; Mrs. James F. Hoge, Jr. 7. Mr. George W. Rauch, Mrs. Beaumont Atwater. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Scheu. 9. Mr. Walter Hoving; Mrs. James F. Magin, co-chairman of The Tiffany Ball. 10. Mrs. Hugh C. Michels, Jr.; Mr. Martin C. Carroll.



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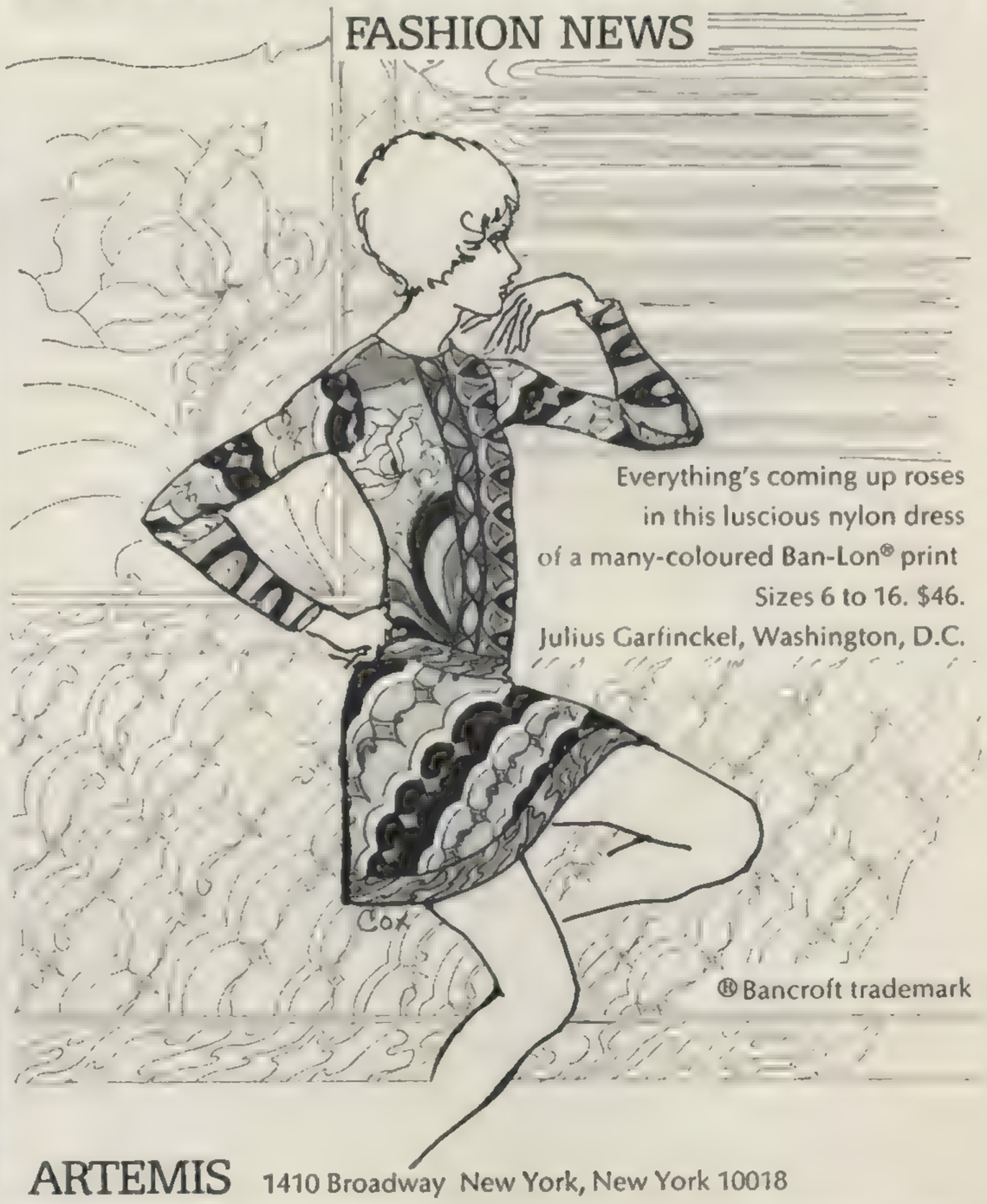
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Oh! What a Lovely War, "*stunning*"

Oh! What a Lovely War is a British retrospective of the First World War—a backward glance at the last hour of imperial glory from the standpoint of contemporary disillusion. I did not see the Joan Littlewood stage production in London. But Richard Attenborough, the reformed actor, has done well in his first effort as director in rethinking the piece in terms of the movies.

The war is conceived as an entertainment on a Brighton pier. Sideshows depict the major characters and themes, with special attention to the fatuity of generals and the ordeal of an average British family. Casualties are registered on a scoreboard (THE SOMME. FIRST DAY. KILLED: 60,000. GROUND GAINED. NONE).

The slaughter goes on to the tinkle of popular songs. One after another, the male members of the family die. The final shot shows their children frolicking on a meadow. The camera begins to pull away, revealing a white cross. It recedes till the children become specks in the distance, and the screen is filled with white crosses against a field of green.

It is a stunning conclusion. But the film, though it has many striking moments, is not altogether satisfactory. It is too fancy, too easy, and a little too long. The fanciness lies in the conception. Attenborough cuts back and forth between the pier and his war scenes with unfailing ingenuity. But in time the process begins to call attention to itself; one admires the ingenuity instead of partaking in the experience.

Nor does Attenborough quite succeed in solving the problem of how to be ironic without being glib and obvious. Perhaps in this case the problem is insoluble. The irony here—the contrast between the misery of war and the idiocy of war enthusiasm—is both entirely legitimate and dangerously pat. One scene, for example, shows soldiers, their eyes staring, their faces harrowed and blank, returning from the front; the background song is "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kitbag and Smile! Smile! Smile!" Good or bad? I am not sure.

I am sure, though, about the scene at an elegant Christmas party in Mayfair. A wife, her husband at the front, flirts with a war profiteer. The profiteer says that he is going to make his sacrifice too: He will not drink his German wines until the war is over. The wife says that she will get Nanny to knit mittens for the men in France. Christmas fireworks go off: cut to shrapnel bursting at the front and the men grim in the trenches. Then they hear German soldiers singing "Stille Nacht." . . .

To Richard Attenborough's credit he avoids stereotypes most of the time and on occasion achieves genuinely powerful effects. In one sequence a music-hall singer, young and lovely as viewed from the pit, belts out a recruiting song. Young men troop on to the stage to join up. When they approach, they see in a searing flash that she is old, raddled, and heavily rouged. Moreover, the violence which suffuses the film is always implicit; there are no photographs, in the current Hollywood manner, of people having their heads blown off.

The acting—Olivier, Richardson, three Redgraves, Gielgud, Clements, John Mills (as Haig), Maggie Smith (as the music hall singer)—is brilliantly stylized. The film is evocative, sardonic, expertly assembled and, at moments, deeply moving.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Hoving at the Met, "*cultural revolutionary*"

As part of the general revitalization of the Metropolitan Museum of Art being undertaken by that institution's endlessly controversial Director, Thomas P. F. Hoving, New York's temple of high culture went native for the summer with a mammoth exhibition of primitive art from Governor Nelson Rockefeller's collection. Recently acquired by Mr. Hoving for the museum's proliferating permanent collection, the group of works includes examples—of varying quality and rarity to be sure—from all the major and many of the minor primitive cultures. At the same time that these works were majestically displayed inside the Metropolitan, a woman was denouncing the Governor's economic and political interests outside The Museum of Modern Art a few blocks away. She had a point, since it was more jarring than usual to see the primitive masks, weapons, and ceremonial paraphernalia wrenched from their contexts in the light of the protests some of the primitives are beginning to make against such pilferings of their land and culture.

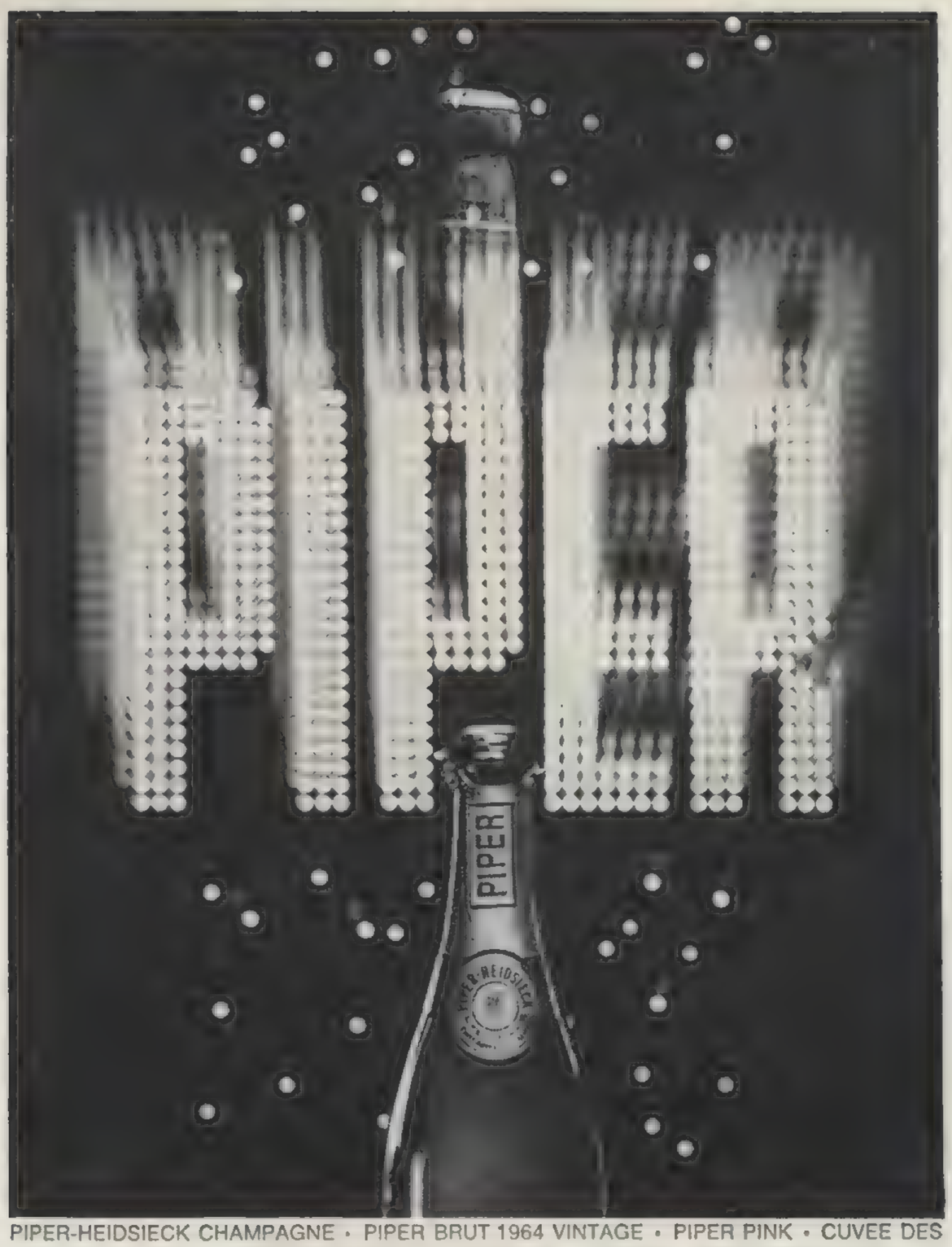
This exhibition, like the previous installations carried out since Hoving became the museum's director, involved showmanship, theatricality, and all the gadgets technology could provide in the way of educational aids and attention-getting devices. Not even Mme. Tussaud could have equalled the thrill-a-minute atmosphere—which doesn't mean there is anything inherently bad in the use of such devices and gadgets, if one isn't prejudiced against vulgarity per se. What is done for the crowd must be done in the style of the crowd. Probably the only way to engage, hold, and educate a crowd is through the use of such devices and gadgets; and it appears that Mr. Hoving is convinced, perhaps correctly, that the way out for all of us depends on deflecting random destructive energy into focused cultural and recreational pursuits. Nevertheless, the display techniques employed—dramatic spotlighting, glass cases, and dark backgrounds—struck me as overly reminiscent of the advanced window dressing pioneered by Tiffany's.

If, however, one measures effectiveness by change, then Mr. Hoving is certainly the most successful—in tangible accomplishments—cultural revolutionary in America. First, he reclaimed the parks for the people, and now he has brought life to a dead institution, without sacrificing scholarship or quality. Even if he is the P. T. Barnum of art history, he is running a great show, if one can judge from the "tuned-in" (literally, with their tape decks to their ears) viewers jamming the exhibition. And what this particular moment, in which we attempt to salvage our institutions for a new age, may need above all, is a Barnum with a concept of *noblesse oblige*. It has been clear to others that the many levels of cultural participation, from school children to scholars, from the masses to the élite, had to be extended so that all the intermediate steps and levels were served. Hoving is what others aspire to be: the successful Establishment radical, with all the power, as well as the limitations, that implies. No one at this point can seriously deny that he has been the first *really* to open the gates of élite culture to mass participation: and this is a matter of great consequence. That he has been able to do so without lowering standards of excellence means he has established a model for others to follow.



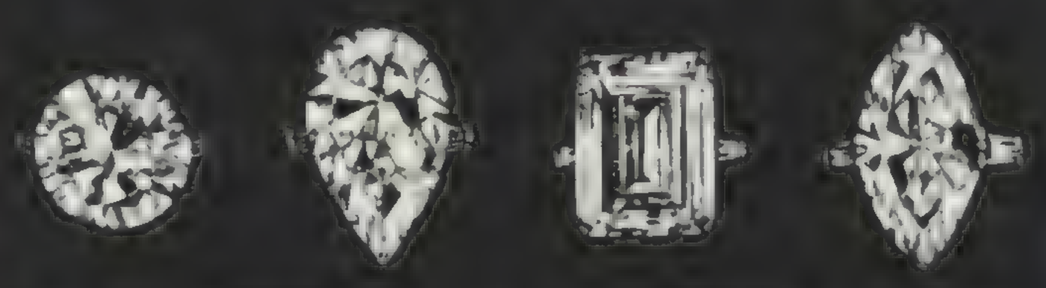
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Madwoman of Chaillot, "*silliness*"

A movie with Katharine Hepburn in the lead, and with Margaret Leighton *and* Edith Evans—great! *and* Giulietta Masina—terrific! *and* Yul Brynner! *and* Charles Boyer! Could you ask for more? Possibly not—but nonetheless the Landau-Forbes production team responsible for this one felt obliged to go on to hire Oscar Homolka, Paul Henreid, Donald Pleasence, *and* Danny Kaye. Such accumulations of unrelated talent tell their own story of a property bought in haste on the strength of its repute or success in another medium—and found to be a lemon. It may seem sacrilege to blow on an established classic by no less a name than Jean Giraudoux, but it has to be said that this author is not precisely the epitome of Gallic wit and intelligence that his admirers on Broadway suppose.

Giraudoux was not only a sentimentalist but also a man of the exceedingly *pompier* left-of-centre Establishment of the Third Republic. His career as a trader in obvious ironies, and in the *idées reçues* of soft-shelled liberalism dressed up as daring paradoxes led inevitably to that moment in which Premier Daladier chose him to be his Commissaire for the national services of Information at the start of the phony war in 1939. In that position the fundamental silliness and the dazzling insincerity characteristic of his work as a whole were mercilessly exposed.

The play from which this elegant, expensive, and inane movie has been made owes its standing as a classic in part to the superbly stylish production it was given when it was first put on, soon after Giraudoux's death, in 1945. Louis Jouvet, the producer, was as successful in concealing its vacuities as Bébé Bérard was in making it stunningly beautiful, but it owed even more to the times—a Paris still groggy from the horrors of the defeat and the occupation, and in the throes of the traumatic awakening that followed the liberation, welcomed this cosy parable that told them how easily the world could be purged of evil—but there were those, even then, who wondered just what was supposed to be happening when virtue, in the person of the Madwoman, celebrated its Second Act victory over the powers of darkness by pressing a young rubber-check artist of limited intelligence and less character into the arms of a nymphomaniac café dishwasher in the name of love, spontaneity, and all that—what, they wondered, would those two be finding to say to each other by the end of the week?

Well, what do we get now—after nearly twenty-five years? A glossy film about Gay Paree that captures all Giraudoux's silliness and adds a little something, vaguely anti-French, of its own in the course of an effort to bring the story up to date. The bad guys who plan to turn Paris into an oil field now include a Russian commissar, a caricature (not bad) of Billy Graham, and a French general, but the good guys are still Giraudoux's cute stereotypes—none the more acceptable for casting that commits such *bêtises* as bringing on Danny Kaye as your typically Parisian garbageman-philosopher. The direction is pedestrian, and all that can honestly be urged in favour of the enterprise is that it does adequately celebrate the beauty and distinction of Katharine Hepburn's face and voice, and that it contains one moment of pure delight—a memorably lovely shot of Nanette Newman smiling straight into the camera from beneath an enormous cartwheel hat loaded with roses.



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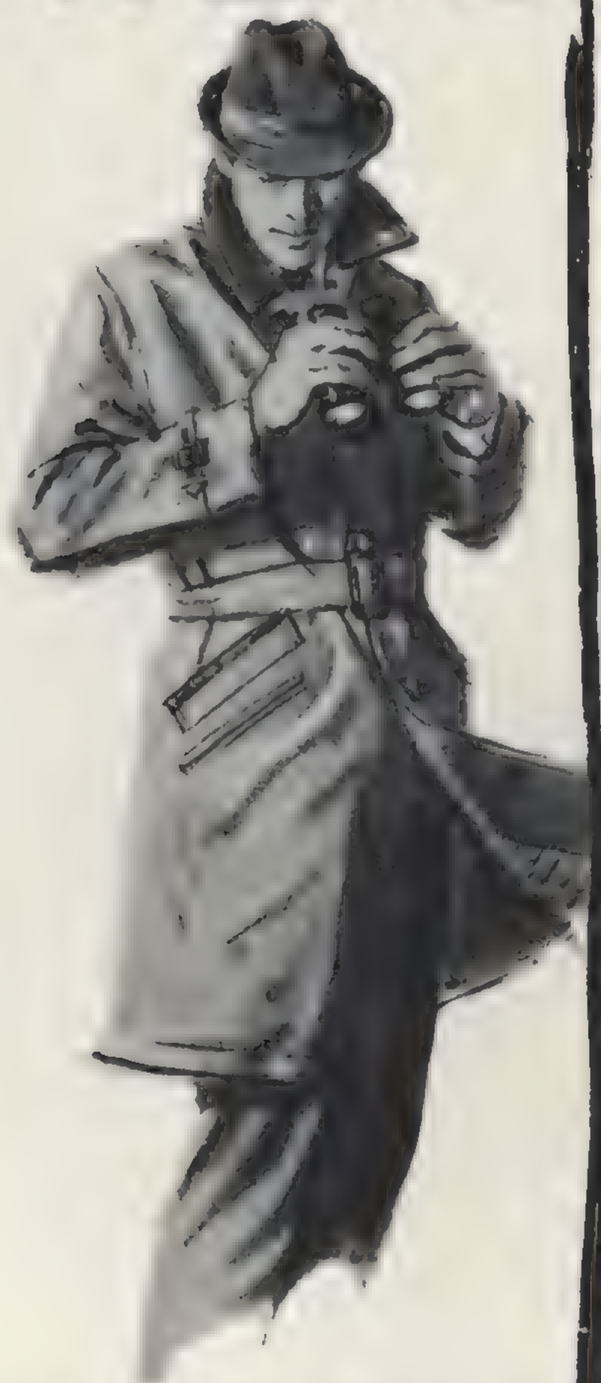
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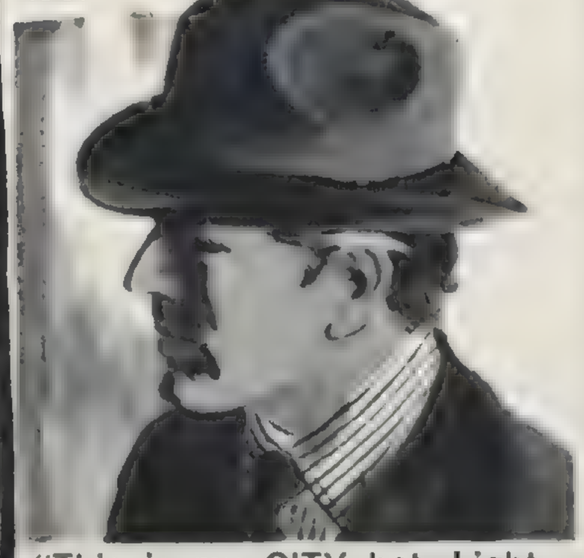
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Mile High, "*engrossing . . . trash*"

" 'Ed, you've got to take a pill. The veins on each side of your face and across your forehead have become throbbing pieces of rope.' " This is a fair sample of the dialogue in Richard Condon's long, improbable, badly written, and ingenious new novel, *Mile High* (The Dial Press). The speaker is an urbane and educated and ruthless gangster-lawyer, and the addressee is his boss, an urbane and educated and ruthless gangster-lawyer, Edward West.

Richard Condon's argument, which is not original and is probably not true, plausible as it seems, is that Prohibition was masterminded by the Mafia. Condon's hero, West, the author of the dazzling and ruinous idea, is the issue of a Sicilian mother—so that his language prerequisite is acquired easily—and a powerful Irish politician father—so that his connections are ready-made. West père (Paddy to be sure) steps out of steerage and quickly learns his way around the New York Tenderloin; he graduates from a pushcart to Tammany Hall by cautious and shrewd degrees, always holding up to himself the sterling example of Aaron Burr, an admiration he inculcates in his son.

The glimpses of metropolitan low life in the second half of the nineteenth century, while they are familiar, are interesting and instructive: Boss Tweed and the early Mafiosi are always sure-fire winners. Indeed, although Richard Condon's plotting is often reminiscent of *Batman*, in general his material is so engrossing that one does not put the book down despite the fact that it is trash. We proceed from the registering years of the Gilded Age, skim over World War I, and then settle down for a long wallow in the phenomenal period that followed the enactment of the Volstead Act.

In the unfolding of Edward West's Machiavellian ascent to the pinnacles of power in the course of which he strews his path with corpses, Condon pauses from time to time to educate the reader in the history of the Temperance movement and to explain the manipulations and manoeuvres of the rum-runners and bootleggers. Often, in these expository passages, he writes a prose opaque enough to be actionable: "The essential cartelization was necessary to spread the industrial energy to all parts of the company's branches, equally in and throughout the twenty-three national market areas." His bag of tricks is full to bursting: He causes Edward's son to marry a beautiful Black girl and this permits a disquisition on the slave trade.

The sex in the book is ample and varied and for the most part violent—the author is fond of rape and flagellation and Lesbianism among prostitutes; the women are lovely ("She had skin for a botanist to wonder over . . ."), shrewd, and totally lacking in particularity. There are Communists lurking about and poison-pen letters come from the USSR to Mr. West. There is honour among thieves, double-crossing among pillars of society; there are meaty encounters with Harding and Daugherty, Al Capone and Dutch Schultz; there is a whole slew of obscenity and such metaphors as this abound: "Mayra had felt cold hostility cover her like hair spray and hold her in a rigid net." When West's debacle comes—for of course it must—it comes in a palace in the Adirondacks where he has reproduced a Swiss village and has used blue industrial dyes in the artificial lake to match the waters of Lucerne. On as grand a scale as this, silliness is fascinating.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Woodstock, "*grand slam rush*"

The year before it had been Chicago, high on revolution and incendiary dancing in the streets. This year it was something called Woodstock Music and Art Fair, held on a farm in the Catskills after the authorities at two other sites copped out. The occasion this time was music ("Three days of peace and music," the hype cajoled) but only the most parochial could fail to sense that Chicago and Woodstock were gatherings of the same tribe.

After all, how different is a Festival of Life (which is what they called the Chicago gig) from a Festival of Pop, when you separate their purposes from their style? Most people come seeking what they can't find in politics or television or even sports any more: culture contact. The bringing together of many hands. The silent bobbing of a meadow of hair. The rubbing of many bodies in the common mud.

Anyone who wonders how such a poorly planned and executed event could attract nearly half a million people, and how this urban mass could enjoy squatting in a field lacking the necessities—not to mention the amenities—of life, just doesn't understand the magic hustle of rock. Alan Freed would've gotten his rocks off at Woodstock. Ten years ago, when he was promoting Pop Vaudeville in Brooklyn, he would often oversell his capacity, perhaps because he sensed that the crush and clamour were most of what the people paid to see. And ten years ago no one could have imagined that Freed's vision—amplified by a heavy snort of media-meth—would turn on a good-sized city of kids to the freedom of being together.

For the straights, watching from the sidelines or relying on the vicarious involvement of television, it must have seemed like an anti-miracle. A lot of people, searching for an apt metaphor, began to talk about the festival as a monster—a sort of hip juggernaut. After this, the youth machine might march anywhere, and it was getting harder and harder to ignore its demands or dismiss its rituals as aberrant behaviour. If these kids were the deviates, then what was normalcy, and where were the healthy ones?

Back home, reading *The New York Times*, talking in hushed whispers about free-flowing grass and the mammoth traffic jam: "Maddened youths . . . freakish-looking intruders," said the *Times* in a morning-after editorial. "The dreams of marijuana and rock music that drew 300,000 fans and hippies (can you tell them apart?) to the Catskills had little more sanity than the impulses that drive the lemmings to march to their deaths in the sea." What triggered this ire was the notion that this chaos could be cherished. Yet many were wearing their aches and bruises as badges of participation, and as such, they must have actually heightened the thrill of the occasion. In that precarious environment, a Jimi Hendrix solo after nineteen hours of continuous music could feel like Mickey Mantle ripping a tremendous blast into the bleachers. Remember what that was like? You watched the ball sail away and you felt, from your toes, as though you were soaring with it.

And all those kids—blood-stained one year and mud-stained the next—will go anywhere at whatever cost, to experience the rush of a grand-slam homer, because in America, that's as close as we're allowed to come to public ecstasy.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

foew&ombwhnw, "*lesson in contrariness*"

Among today's publishers the Something Else Press may be the best source of avant-garde literature. In matters of design alone it offers a superior blend of imagination and daring. Its books are produced with care, and no matter how obtuse or inaccessible the content, this press manages to present the avant-garde as though it were the least ephemeral of creative phenomena.

A case in point is one of its latest titles, Dick Higgins's *foew&ombwhnw* or Freaked-Out Electronic Wizards & Other Marvellous Bartenders Who Have No Wings. Higgins calls his book "a grammar of the mind and a phenomenology of love and a science of the arts as seen by a stalker of the wild mushroom."

If you are wondering how gimmicky one can get, the best is yet to come. The 312-page volume deliberately suggests a prayer book. Its cover is black, its pages are thin, and there is a black silk band to mark your place. What is more, most pages have a line down the middle, dividing the text into four separate columns. In order to read the entire book in sequence it is necessary to read all the left-hand columns, then all the next-to-left-hand columns, and so forth. In short, a reader would have to read the book four times to know what's in it. Higgins insists, however, that all four columns be read together, always keeping in mind the divergences of the text. This acrobatic form of reading is not really as difficult as it sounds. There are certain correlations that can be drawn from the varying texts, and there is something amusing in unsettling normal reading habits.

The content of *foew . . .* includes a series of short poems, a number of lengthy plays, several musical compositions, minuscule lectures, maps, drawings, photographs, and a series of essays on art—all of them perfectly literal as well as literary. It's a mêlée of avant-garde conceits that make clear Higgins's incredibly inventive, not to say obsessive, mind.

Just thirty-one, Dick Higgins is one of the founders of Something Else Press. At various stages of his career, he operated an art gallery, gave concerts of compositions that consisted of silent actions rather than musical sounds, published two books, *Jefferson's Birthday* and *Postface*, about the state of art and life. The present volume offers a variety of entertainments. The "Lectures" are episodes or instructions: "Lecture Number One"—*The lecturer distributes to the audience sheets of directions for games, assembly instructions, sample rental leases, tax forms, etc. He requests the audience to read these back to him, each reader so loud that he drowns out all others to his own hearing.* The poems are more subtle:

i cannot share what i feel
with what i think i feel

now
if i could just discover
and measure the difference

Higgins is not an obscurist. Despite his bows to Dada and Surrealism, he is basically a Romantic. While the construction of his book is a small lesson in contrariness, there is an awkward logic to his little volume. Dick Higgins cajoles the mind; he is after some sort of extension of the senses. He wishes the reader to be in touch with his own sense of emotional simultaneity.

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Lady Birley: Fish soup for the roses

BY NINETTE LYON

An Irishwoman with white lucent skin and magnificent eyes, Lady Birley lives in a romantic house called Charleston Manor in the south of England where she organizes an annual festival in a vast sixteenth-century tithe barn transformed into a theatre. On the program, as well as music and painting, are horticulture and good eating, her twined twin pleasures. She raises extraordinarily beautiful roses, for instance, by feeding them a broth of crustaceans, almost a bisque, rich in herbs. One drawback: If cut, the roses smell of garlic and fish.

Lady Birley's cultivation of food as well as flowers began during her childhood in Ireland when, with their attendant passel of servants, her family visited around in an era of stupendous breakfasts and groaning teas. Later, travelling over the world with her husband, the well-known painter Sir Oswald Birley, she took to the spices she now, with sowing gestures, freely strews.

Lady Birley's parties rarely repeat themselves. They depend above all on her imagination because she orchestrates everything with dauntless dash. Sometimes there are Irish tea parties; sometimes "tea" turns into coffee served with Turkish or Viennese sweets. One "memorable" luncheon involving sixty-five chickens and two full days of preparation became memorable when the caterer's van bringing plates and dishes broke down: All Lady Birley's neighbours emptied their cupboards; and for one imposing serving dish, she used a stone bird bath.

*RECIPES ARE GIVEN FOR STARRED DISHES

Menu for an Irish breakfast

Cold fresh salmon
Poached trout
Cucumber salad
Soused herrings*
At least three egg dishes, such as:
    scrambled eggs, poached eggs, fried eggs
Grilled mushrooms and tomatoes
Sausages and bacon
Lamb chops
Porridge and cereals with fresh cream
Scones
Tea and coffee

Menu for a "memorable" luncheon

Horseradish mousse*
Poached chicken with brandy and herbs,
    velouté sauce with chopped truffles
Cottage cheese and cream
Raspberries from the garden
Elderberry wine, gooseberry wine, cider

Menu for an Irish tea

Potato cakes
Blackberry jelly
Stewed medlars
Cold crabmeat Lady Jekyll*
Brown-bread sandwiches
    of cucumber, lettuce,
    or watercress
Tea and Flaherty's
    iced coffee*

Flaherty's iced coffee

(four servings)

Mix ⅓ cup Irish whiskey with ⅔ cup brandy; chill. Dissolve 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate in 2½ cups hot coffee; sugar to taste; chill. Pour liquor mixture into 4 glasses, add coffee mixture. Float 1 ounce heavy cream on each drink by pouring gently over the back of a spoon.

Soused herrings

12 herrings
2 tablespoons dry mustard
Salt
2 tablespoons ground mixed
    spices
1 tablespoon sugar
12 bay leaves
2 onions, chopped
Wine or cider vinegar

Split herrings, pull out backbones, remove heads and tails; spread fish flat. Dust over with a mixture of mustard, salt, mixed spices, sugar. Roll fish up lengthwise; as you reach the tail end insert the bay leaf. Pack rolls tightly into an earthenware dish with straight sides; there should be enough fish so they won't unroll. Cover fish with chopped onions and vinegar; cover dish, cook in a slow oven about 1 hour. Cool. Liquid should be jellied around fish and bones dissolved away. Serve with roasted potatoes and watercress.

Horseradish mousse

(eight servings)

2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup flour
2½ cups milk
1 ounce powdered gelatine
3 raw eggs
4 hard-boiled eggs
3 tablespoons heavy cream
Salt and pepper
Cayenne pepper (optional)
3 or 4 tablespoons grated horseradish
    (for extra sharpness, a little French mustard)
1 teaspoon wine vinegar
½ teaspoon powdered sugar

Make a white sauce: Melt the butter and stir in the flour; when golden, stir in the milk a little at a time. Cool until fairly thick. Add the gelatine softened in lukewarm water, 3 raw egg yolks mixed with cream. Heat but do not boil. Off the fire add chopped hard-boiled eggs, horseradish, salt, pepper, vinegar, sugar; fold in egg whites beaten stiff. Pour into 2-quart mould rinsed in cold water. Chill until set. Unmould and decorate with watercress or cucumber salad.

Cold crabmeat Lady Jekyll

(eight servings)

A boiled crab, 3½ pounds,†
    or 1 pound crabmeat
¾ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¾ cup melted aspic
1 ounce powdered gelatine
    or 4 leaves gelatine
4 or 5 leaves lettuce, shredded
2 small tomatoes, peeled and sliced
Salt and pepper
Additional aspic

Remove meat from crab and one claw, flake; reserve second claw. Combine crabmeat, salt, pepper, mayonnaise, lemon juice, melted aspic (jellied chicken consommé or madrilène could be used). Mix well; stir in gelatine dissolved in warm water. Cover bottom of serving dish with lettuce and tomatoes. Add half the prepared crab; meat from the second claw, flaked; and rest of crab mixture. Chill. Top with chopped aspic before serving.

†DUNGENESS CRAB FROM THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST MAY BE THIS SIZE. IN SEASON, THEY MAY BE FOUND, FOR INSTANCE, IN NEW YORK AT TUDOR FISHERIES.

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HOROSCOPE

October 1 thru October 15

ARIES. March 21 to April 19. The first Fire (daring), cardinal (forceful) sign. The power or initiative of others will guide you. It may seem to undermine you but not really, for it gives you freedom to follow instead of leading in a new program. There could be as many as four new offers between the 1st and the 9th. A new associate will suggest you initiate your presentation in a new way on the 3rd. Put it off until it has matured after the 10th. The new moon (October 11) will set you straight to act on the two best days, the 14th and 15th.

TAURUS. April 20 to May 20. *The first Earth (industrious), fixed (reserved) sign. You are so well fixed in your habits that the Air signs Gemini and Libra, which are moving so fast about you, seem to disturb your steady, measured gait. It would be to your advantage to concentrate on just two days (the 8th and 9th) to get others to cooperate with you. Your proposals will be considered and answered on the 15th. Plan an outing in the evening.*

GEMINI. May 21 to June 21. The first Air (alert), mutable (flexible) sign. With the power (Sun in Libra) of life in the same element compatible to you, you are at your best, with as many as four possibilities in the offing. Sort them out carefully. The initiator Mars in the sign of standing (Capricorn) could frustrate you if you signed or agreed before the 9th. It would have to be replanned on the new moon of the 11th. There is just the 15th left for a time of relaxation and joy.

CANCER. June 22 to July 22. The first Water (impression), cardinal (retiring) sign. The powers that be—the Air element—might have an abrasive effect upon your activities. However, plan quietly, organize the expenditures required, and be ready to go into action on the 8th. Reserve the time for signing to coincide with the new moon on the 11th without interrupting your effort until the 15th. You will have earned the pleasure of leisure with the one you love best on the 15th.

LEO. July 23 to August 22. *The second Fire (enterprising), fixed (consistent) sign. The element (Sun in Libra) so necessary to stimulate you to brilliance is present. Use it to organize carefully each opportunity that comes the first week. Not until the 9th should you consider the signing or acceptance of the offer. Reserve the 11th, the new moon, to select the offer you have explored and that suits the opportunity that meets your need.*

VIRGO. August 23 to September 22. The second Earth (materialistic), common (mediator) sign. You may be asked to weigh and comparison-buy on more than one level during the first week. There is someone who will differ with your sense of values on the 1st. If possible, ease out of making a final judgment until the 9th, especially if it is a matter of financial extravagance. Bring all matters to final decisions after the new moon on the 11th. The happiest day for you to entertain is the 15th.

LIBRA. September 23 to October 23. The second Air (tolerant), cardinal (accomplisher) sign. This month is yours as the Sun transits your sign. Power is in your hands to manipulate to your advantage. Moreover, Jupiter, the planet of the greater beneficence (good luck), is honouring your sign for the first time since December 13, 1956, until February 20, 1957. (It returned to the sign of Libra from August 7, 1957, until January 13, 1958.) This is a memorable year for you. Opportunities (Jupiter) and new programs (Uranus) in store for you are many. Uranus will eliminate problems. Jupiter will initiate a new way of life. Act from the new moon on the 11th to the 15th for a marriage if you wish.

SCORPIO. October 24 to November 21. *The second Water (absorptive), fixed (thorough) sign. There are many opportunities to consider, yet they are in the background. You will have to maintain patience before you are able to publicize them. That does not mean you are not to continue to perfect the plan. The 7th, 8th, and 9th are significant days to gather information. The best day to open negotiations is the 15th. You can then engage those who have been waiting for you to participate.*

SAGITTARIUS. November 22 to December 21. The third Fire (courageous), mutable (versatile) sign. You are attracting so many new friends that you will have to sort and sift to be sure of those who are trustworthy. Then avail yourself of those most suited to present your many-faceted talents. The 9th is a reliable day to analyze the potentially important. From the 11th to the 15th, signatures can be secured. Reserve the evening of the 15th to keep a promise of the heart.

CAPRICORN. December 22 to January 19. The third and last Earth (conservative), cardinal (ambitious) sign. Many changes, the result of your ruling planet Saturn entering Taurus, are altering the economic scene and bringing new responsibilities through others to you. You prefer the regulated plan. If you resent the younger and more progressive people initiating new ideas, you will miss the new standing that can be yours. The first day of the month gives the clue as to how the new moon will advance your program. From the 11th to the 15th you will be delighted with the changes.

AQUARIUS. January 20 to February 18. *The third and last Air (circulatory), fixed (unyielding) sign. The many new activities through the abundance of new friends will suit you perfectly. The 1st day brings an unexpected situation that could lead to an exciting adventure. You may have to sacrifice in order to accept the adventure. Try to delay the actual acceptance until the 9th, at which time you get confirmation to your satisfaction, if you are ready for a new way of life.*

PISCES. February 19 to March 20. The third and last Water (indulgent), common (unfinishing) sign. With four planets in Libra, an Air sign, you may feel that other signs are having all the fun. But your ruler is still in the powerful sign of Scorpio. Continue to seek power for, at this time through the trinity of Earth (practical) signs—Saturn in Taurus, Mars in Capricorn, and Venus in Virgo—others will serve you well, so press onward. Practical ideas suit this period. Learn to use time instead of feeling it.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

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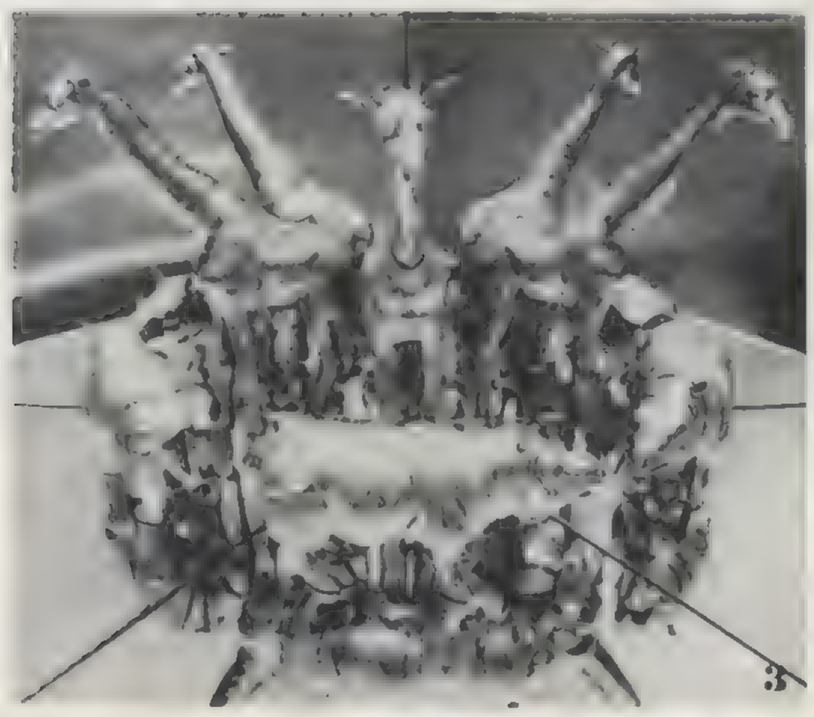
VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR FASHIONS IN LIVING

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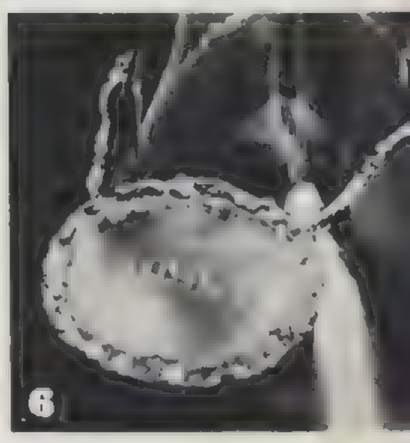

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5

CLAUDE PICASSO

WHAT IS STATUS?

IN THE MIDDLE AGES: Milady's *hennin*, a towering, conical headdress, was worn as a barometer of her economic standing. Its height rose and fell with the fullness and leanness of the family purse, and loyal wives refused to be "high-hatted" by any women they suspected of being poorer than themselves.

From Customs & Curiosities, page 524
VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS



TODAY, a woman's status is measured by her grace, tact and assured knowledgeability . . . not by the height of her hat. It takes much more than a material symbol to give her direction, acceptance and finally distinction, in the many roles now expected of her as wife, mother, career woman, dietician, cook, hostess, handyman, taste-setter . . . and on . . . and on.

With so many responsibilities, a woman needs a reliable, very up-to-date guide to correct and attractive behavior in hundreds of situations. And now it exists—after three years of meticulous preparation . . . *the new, completely revised edition—just off the press—*

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BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

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It carries the prestige and dependability of a magazine that has been *the* recognized authority on taste for the last 75 years. It is a definitive, democratic reference work concerned with the attitudes and social procedures that have *authentic value today*. It puts etiquette in a totally new perspective—as a highly personal code based on consideration for others, good taste, and respect for still-valid traditions.

Here is a book to use on a thousand occasions . . . whether you're entertaining for two or two hundred . . . writing to your son's brand-new fiancée or your senator . . . arranging a wedding or giving a surprise party . . . traveling at home or abroad . . . living alone or sharing an apartment . . . meeting new neighbors or a new boss . . . speaking in public . . . furnishing a house . . . learning a sport . . . raising money for a cause . . . introducing an ambassador . . . applying for a job . . . dining with business associates . . . starting a conversation . . . choosing a suitable wine . . . borrowing from a friend . . . facing an emergency . . . accepting a formal invitation . . . eating a lobster.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Plain geometry



As flowers fade. Paisleys pale, the crisp miniature geometries are news. Knowingly, subtly, men are exploring the multiple ways to ***combine checks*** and ***diamonds.*** stripes and cctagons, all the geometrics in shirts, ties, and suitings for a look of rich. intricate complication . . . an effect at once ***neat*** and ***interesting.***

Point: coordinate with closely related colour, varying scale—two or more small patterns in one handsome turnout this autumn; get a lot going with little patterns everywhere.





JACK ROBINSON

Geometry games with one grey suit. **1.** Cloud-grey stripe shirt, $25, Rakes, 37 E. 65th St.; pearl-and-carbon tie, $10, Countess Mara, 110 E. 57th St. **2.** Blue and buff "Art Deco" tie. $15, Madonna, 304 E. 53rd St.; blue-and-cream stripe shirt. Turnbull & Asser, $35, Bonwit Teller, New York. **3.** Navy-and-French-blue tie, $15; pale grey-blue jacquard shirt. Both, Madonna. **4.** Black, tobacco, Bordeaux tie, $15, Jackie Rogers, 27 E. 67th St.; claret-and-white shirt, $25, Madonna. **5.** Or with cobalt-and-white tie, $15, Madonna. **6.** Black, white, crimson tie, $15; pale-grey stripe shirt, $25. Madonna. **7.** Capper: stripe handle on Countess Mara umbrella, $15.

GELSMAN

Clint Eastwood—

quick on the draw off-screen and on. quick to get the big idea of small geometrics. . . . The star of Alan Jay Lerner's production *Paint Your Wagon* for Paramount Pictures spotted the virtues of a sleeveless cardigan full of chevron stripes in browns from sand to bitter-chocolate colour knitted in bulky wool. fastened with shell buttons. About $25, Abraham & Straus. Eastwood prefers one geometric at a time, teams the sweater with a full-sleeved shirt of unbleached muslin. about $27 at Capes for Men, 232 E. 9th St.. and bark-brown wool trousers.

Maximilian New York



Want something wonderful to happen to you? Wear Emba® mink!
Maximilian's steamer coat. Tourmaline® Emba natural pale beige mink.

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® trademark of the world's finest mink—
produced in America by the Emba Mink Breeders Association.

OCTOBER 1, 1969

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF A BEAUTY

Clothed, like an equine Lady Godiva,
in yards of rippling mane, this glorious snow-white
charger has the somehow touching beauty of all
magnificent animals; though he's shown
gazing over a battlefield, the soft
brown eyes are as gentle as a Madonna's....
He represents all the benefits,
the achievable splendours that perfect care
can produce—the loving, thoughtful,
time-consuming care that people so often lavish
on valued animals, less often on themselves....
Every hair of the silvery mane,
every inch of the snowy silken coat
proclaim the hours of grooming that
were spent on them; the sleek, well-muscled body
speaks clearly of sound diet and regular exercise....
The minimum time required to groom
a horse properly—required for vigorous circulation,
a healthy coat—is forty-five brisk minutes a day,
with curry-comb, body-brush, dandy-brush,
and a damp sponge. Add to this the best feed;
vitamin supplements; a salt cake always
available; and gallons of fresh, un-chilled
water. (Racehorses, who must race in different
parts of the country, travel with their
own supply of bottled springwater.)
Add, too, the regular hours of exercise—
carefully planned to limber the muscles and
exercise the lungs—and regular hours of
rest. All these—as much as careful
grooming—make the animal a beauty....
And to any woman who expects to look and
feel her best, perform at highest pitch, we say,
mind the rules for the care and feeding
of a beauty . . . she might very well be you.

DETAIL FROM A PAINTING, "PRINCE MAURICE OF ORANGE ON HORSEBACK," BY PAUWELS VAN HILLEGAERT, IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM





DETAILS FROM THE PAINTING "CHASSE DE LA DUCHESSE DE LORRAINE," BY CLAUDE DERUET (1588-1660), IN THE CHARTRES MUSEUM.

THE INCREDIBLE MANE

BEAUTY OUT OF INFINITE CARE

Horses, starring here in Hair . . . privileged steeds with pampered manes, rippling in silvery abundance to the ground. Manes brushed and sheened, plumed and garlanded, flowing like silk from proud tossing heads. Superb manes on superb beasts, because—as the limousines of the Middle Ages, and signs of sovereign status—they were given the most superb care. From colthood, their feeding, breeding, grooming, exercise, all were slanted toward growing a beautiful coat. Which makes a point: If infinite care can produce such a fine head of mane, couldn't women be more dedicated to growing their own marvellous hair? If attention and knowledge bring spectacular results, let's have them.

Masses of hair. Grown magnificently. To accomplish this means to care for the hair, to love it, to get in on all possible hair improvements, and to never ever give up. For hair with help-wanted signs, salons are now concentrating on hair vitality, on treatments that are surprisingly un-surprising—often just a matter of re-balancing the hair's chemistry. Hair can have weaknesses, because of a lack of moisture and natural lubricants that start in the scalp. These can be supplied by conditioners that get to the root of the trouble, and the ends, and all the hair-shaft in between. Conditioners bind moisture into the hair, keep it from feeling coarse and brittle, keep it from breaking, keep it shining. Protein vitalizes hair—can be acquired internally and externally. Among hair experts, there is some variety of opinion on how protein is assimilated into the hair, but we know it is valuable and worth seeking. About shampoos: some experts feel that it's better to shampoo oftener but less thoroughly—over-eager washes can antagonize the hair-shaft and ruffle the scales of its surface. Use not-too-hot water—shampoos now work just as well in cool water that's less disturbing to hair. A good shampoo has a balance of conditioning and cleaning aspects. Using regular hand-soap (Continued on page 261)



FLOATING ON HAIR, TRANSIENT STREAKS– THE GLEAM OF FLORENTINE EYES

This is the hair—rippling in shining streams and rivulets, and spotlit, *left*, with a new idea: ready-to-wear streaks that can be slipped into a head of hair for an evening or a week. The idea, Ara Gallant's, available in four shades; it takes some of each for this great new tortoiseshell look. Marvellous image under a mane of copper-mined hair, *right*—eyes touched with Florentine Gold Glistener. Creamy, gleamy, in a little pot; by Marcella Borghese. Rings by Cadoro; at Lord & Taylor.

AVEDON



DIANE DE POITIERS...

THREE COLD BATHS A DAY AND A PERFECTLY DISCIPLINED BODY... THE BEAUTY SECRETS THAT MADE THE LADIES OF THE COURT ENRAGÉES

BY BETTINA BERGERY

Embarked for the moon in suitable costume, we find ourselves suddenly headed back towards the Renaissance. We quickly adorn our neat heads with gems and narrow braids. We hang pearls from our ears. We have rings on every finger. We need enamelled snakes with scales of precious stones and diamond eyes. We abandon the tops of our space suits and veil ourselves with transparencies. We adorn our poitrines but we must make them smaller and higher. Our new nudity must be classical. It must give an impression of nothing but dignity and health. We must discipline our bodies to the firmness of Diane de Poitiers' in her marble statue with the royal stag by Jean Goujon. When Diane posed, with her marvellously-dressed hair topped by a diamond crescent, her pure and noble beauty—glowing from three cold baths a day—was so resplendent that, clad only in a light bracelet, she seemed adorned for some splendid ceremony.

Like us, Diane de Poitiers was born at a crossroad in time. Her life began in a great feudal castle where light came dimly over immense walls to narrow windows, as important personages of our day may have been born in Victorian mansions obscured by heavy curtains and moralities. It was the beginning of the year 1500. France emerged from the winter of the dark, monk-dominated Middle Ages. Demons and recording angels stood behind every bed. . . . Three or four ships called "caravelles" changed everything. Columbus returned from his third voyage to what he died believing was India. Gold from America began to flow into Europe. This opulence gave the idea that paradise might be built on earth. Women had powers inconceivable a century before. The Greek concept of truth and beauty became current. The students of the Sorbonne revolted because their education wasn't modern enough. Kings and armies crossed the Alps to Italy bringing back the marble gods of Olympus and the light flowery gauzes of Botticelli's spring in their baggage.

Red velvet cardinals gave receptions with ballets of nymphs and frisking fauns. Mulberry trees were planted and silkworms were soon busy preparing the filaments of silk stockings. Pagan gods and busts of Caesars took the place of Gothic saints in great halls and in gardens. Walls and moats were levelled and replaced by prospects of trees and statues representing mythical allegories. Every spring of water or pond became a basin with a fountain that flowed over stone neptunes and naiades. When Primatrice came later to decorate François I's new palace at Fontainebleau his unveiled goddesses had the forms and faces of noble ladies of the court.

We know Diane de Poitiers never aged. We know the beauties of the epoch could pose in the marvellous lightly-veiled way they did, for the various artists of the school of Fontainebleau, because they were in perfect condition. That the king drank from a silver cup modelled on Diane's breast. That women and men galloped endlessly through the forest pursuing the stag—and as daily walking and riding on horseback were unavoidable, their muscles were firm. Even the queen travelled on horseback. Potatoes, chocolate, tobacco, and Martinis had not yet arrived from the New World, and tea and coffee were unknown. They ate quantities of meat, fish, and game at every meal. For digestion they sprinkled shreds of gold leaf on their food as well as in their alcohols and medicine, and their beautiful stomachs stayed flat.

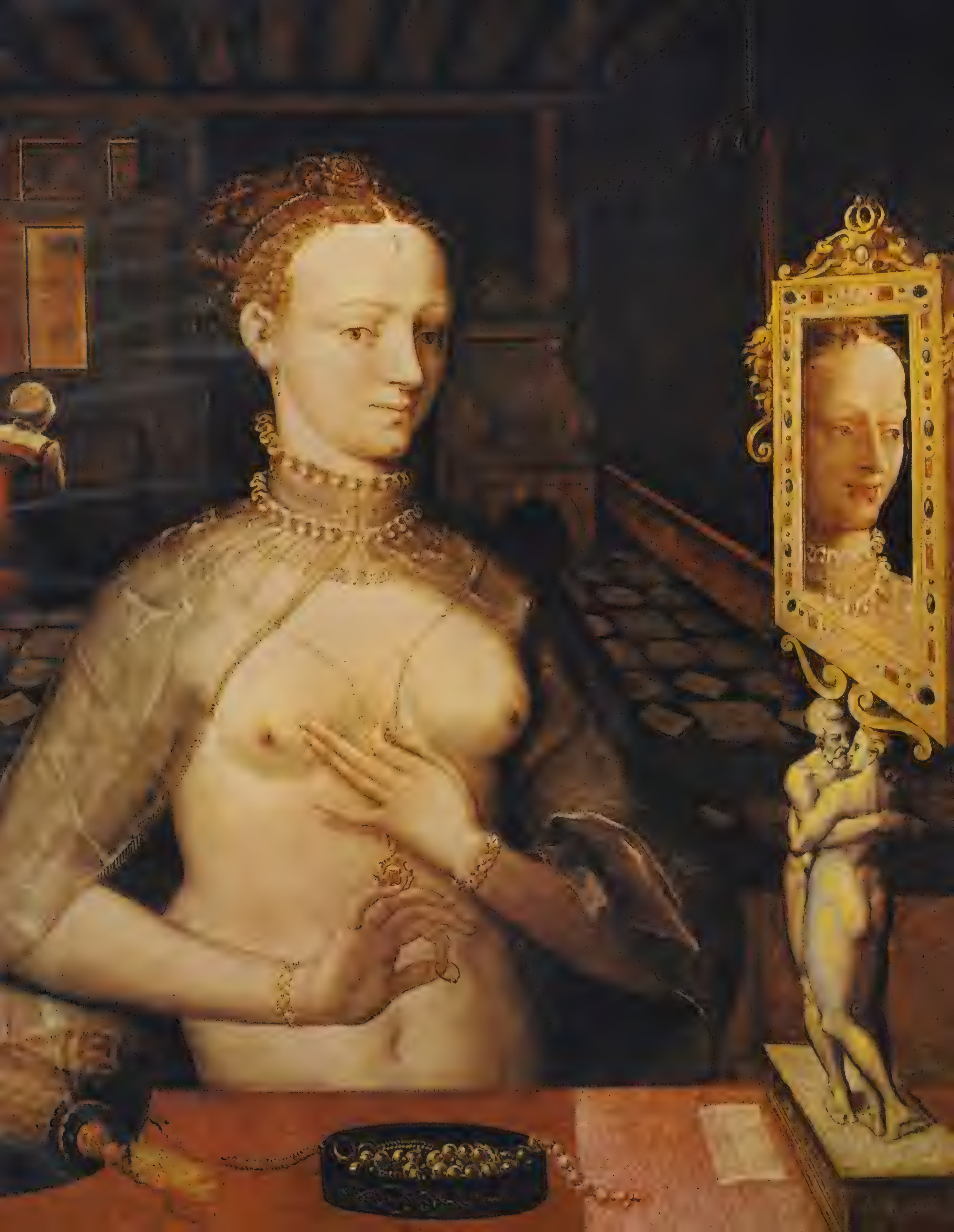
We know that in an age when queens gave birth in public there was no privacy. Prudery, which in France has never been considered an aristocratic virtue. was inconceivable. Great ladies had to be strong and look well whatever they were doing. They had to glow with health. If they fell ill they risked losing their places at court. And court was the source from which all blessings flowed.

Most of the courtiers were versed in the classics of antiquity. They knew that "beauty is truth, truth beauty." The royal taste for Italian artists who always painted Olympic deities made all women want to be goddesses. If they couldn't attain the Greek standard of health and beauty, the only rôle left was to be a goddess's attendant. Everyone longed for the chaste, crescent-crowned Diane's secret and, filled with hope, immersed themselves in cold baths as she did, though they suspected that Ponce de Leon had somehow sent her a phial from the Fountain of Youth he discovered in Florida. Many people thought the real fountain was in the Duchess's domain at Anet near the enchanting château Philibert Delorme had done over for her. Diane herself believed youth was to be found in any fresh water from any clear source.

Like Apollo's sister, she was said to be cold and chaste. Though she was reputedly the mistress of two kings, it is not proved that she slept with either. François I and Henri II both took pleasure in the splendour of her beauty, her rapid intelligence, and her spirit. Her mind, more hidden than her exquisite body, dominated.

If we followed the advice she is said to have given Mary, Queen of Scots, before the young Queen left France, we would protect our skins from the sun, we would mix honey, real cream, almond oil, (Continued on page 266)

Opposite: School of Fontainebleau painting of Diane de Poitiers from the Kunstmuseum, Basel.





A HOLIDAY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR: THE DIVERTING BATH

We joined the Paragon Bather at dusk one crispy autumn day. She'd just taken a bath in which had been steeped needles of pine collected from a grove you could see through her bathroom window, and the room was redolent with the aura of northern woods. A fire snapped in the bathroom fireplace, and it provided the only light in the room beside the pink-lavender infusion of twilight. Wrapped in a cashmere blanket, she stretched out on a chaise longue rich with cushions, and chronicled on paper her baths of last year.

"I plan my baths as I do a holiday," she explained. "After all, a bath is a daily holiday—time which for me is given over without guilt to sheer hedonism, meditation, reading, music. Like a holiday, it's a totally constructive recess, an opportunity to refuel, to appraise, to reassess. Of course, you must have an enormous bathtub, one in which you can float without touching bottom, and the water covers your shoulders when you sit upright.

"My bath recipe depends on the state I'm in, the place I'm at, and the season of the year. For instance, today I need energy. So I'll fill my bath with a minty oil and scrub myself tingly with a loofah mitt that not only polishes my skin but activates my circulation. . . . Or today my nerve ends are fragile, so I'll quiet them by aromatherapy, and use a bath perfume long on jasmine to relax me. . . . My Jacuzzi whirlpool bath is like a private masseuse, it gives the body a delicious workout, and I turn it on whenever I have to turn on, and change from ravaged to ravishing in very short order.

"At the end of winter, just before spring, when the skin tends to grey and wilt, I go on a bath diet of herbs. Certain splendid bath oils incorporate herbs, and it's pleasant to alternate or embellish them with ingredients from one's own garden or pantry. I particularly like a mix of rosemary, fennel, sage, and yarrow. Peppermint baths have helped some skin indispositions, and so has sage. . . . To lemon-flavoured bath salts I often add real lemon slices, a ploy I learned at a Japanese inn. They're most helpful for bleaching fingers and feet and so forth, and the aroma's incredibly exhilarating.

"I always use a bath thermometer, and usually I keep it tepid, around body temperature, 98.6°. . . . Baths needled with products of the sea are especially reviving during those bleak months when one can't get near the ocean to enjoy its life-giving minerals first hand. I take my sea several ways. Sometimes with mineral bath salts, sulphur and algae. Pure sea salt from the health shop is an ideal medium for bath exercises. Seaweed baths stimulate metabolism, cause perspiration to flow freely, and remove toxic materials plus a pound or two of liquid weight.

"There are pink baths, white milk baths, blue baths, depending on one's mood. Marigold petals, which are good for the feet, and cornflowers should be carefully dried so as not to lose their bright colours. . . . And when I'm losing *my* colour, I steep myself in a bath of strong tea, an expensive habit I picked up in Italy. It tans one beautifully." . . .

"A silver bathtub is the only way to take your bath," said the Paragon Bather, her tongue, we noticed, provocatively nestled in her right cheek. In any event, this tub, a perfect illustration of comfort, is silver set in mahogany and it's one of a dozen, some silver, some tin, at Ferrières, a great Rothschild country house, outside of Paris. Here Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild have restored many of the amenities that caused Wilhelm I to say, "Kings couldn't afford this. It could only belong to a Rothschild." Windows give out on a fantastic panorama of parks and pleasure lakes. "The tub," she remarked with satisfaction, "is typical of the late nineteenth century. The metal preserves the temperature of the water, and the depth enables the water to cover you—right up to your chin, if not your cheekbones." . . .





LONG-STEMMED WATER LILY: MRS. HARILAOS THEODORACOPULOS

Smashing, dashing American beauty, splashing here in her remarkable bathroom: Betsy Theodoracopulos, who lives with her young Greek husband and two small boys in a New York apartment with a view of Central Park from every window. Hazel-eyed, tossing masses of long, thick, sun-drenched brown hair, she moves her provocative stretch of body with rhythmic grace—innate coordination polished by regular exercise classes and nurtured by constant action—in Central Park, in Greece, Barbados. Gstaad. . . . Mrs. Theodoracopulos is a connoisseur of water. She swims in it, skis on it, skates on it at every opportunity, and slips into a sandalwood-scented tub of it twice a day. Poland Water by the quart is her eau de vie; indeed it's not unusual to see it replacing wine in a silver champagne bucket by her luncheon or dinner table. Water even sets her makeup—Evian water, sprayed from a *brumisateur* to glow her porcelain pink-and-whiteness. . . . "She's absolutely immaculate, outrageously radiant whatever she's up to. Her unique sense of freshness could only be American," said one Betsy-watcher. The techniques and discipline that keep her looking as though she'd just been plucked from a spring-fed pond may be American, but the man who helped her design her spectacular beauty workshop-bathroom is an Englishman, David Hicks. More on this, next page.

ALEXIS WALDECK


ALEXIS WALDECK

BETSY THEODORACOPULOS: NO SECRETS IN HER BATHROOM. A REFLECTION POOL OF MIRRORS

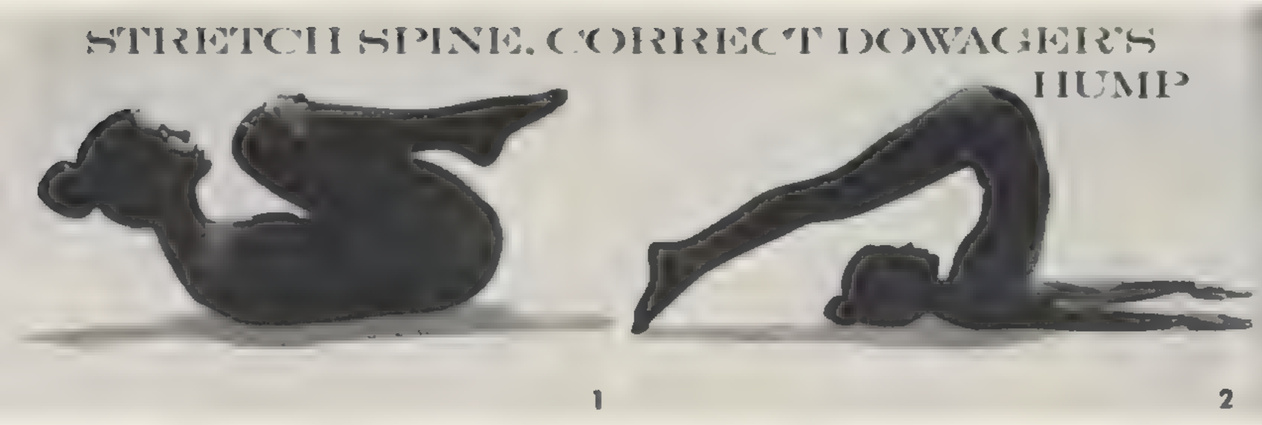
Mirrors, mirrors on the walls, also on the ceiling, from which lights cascade to the white Formica floor. Betsy Theodoracopulos and decorator David Hicks designed this beauty workshop together. Its wild mosaic of mirrors keeps its user well-informed on every angle of her, helps a dazzler get ready to dazzle in twenty minutes flat.... A window curtained in silver beads overlooks Central Park. A glass shelf holds rock crystal prisms and obelisks. A mirrored vanity, brushed steel and granite stone, conceals in its drawers her makeup and gadgets, all neatly arranged in wicker baskets. A hair dryer lowers from the ceiling. "For a quick set, I roll it up dry and sit under the dryer for five minutes." Otherwise, Marc Sinclaire of Charles of the Ritz fashions it (as he did for these pictures). To him she credits some of the extraordinary condition of her hair. "His shampooer, she's a witch."... What's Betsy wearing? Two ruffled "bedroom scarfs" by Eve Stillman. $12 each, Lord & Taylor.



KEEP YOUR COOL EXERCISES: WARMING NEWS ON HOW TO GROW YOUNGER WITHOUT BLOOD, SWEAT, OR FEARS

"Up 2-3-4. Down 2-3-4. Stretch legs way up, s-l-o-w-l-y." . . . Such directions are delivered in hushed, respectful cadence at Manya Kahn's famously psyche-lifting New York exercise studio. "To right figure wrongs, to attain stamina with minimum fuss, you must *relax*," said Miss Kahn. She's a small, soothing physical therapist whose Russian ballet training provided the basis for a Stretch-Breathe-Relax system that's been translating tensed-up potential beauties into relaxed knockouts for over twenty-five years. . . . Among the Kahn devotées are models. One young model—irked with expanding thighs, a back given to sway, and posture that has been making no friends for her with photographers—recently found help there. Reshaped, she posed for the Manya Kahn "Body Rhythms" below. . . . *Note: Begin by doing each rhythm five times—slowly, rhythmically, in coordination with deep breathing.* (Continued next page)

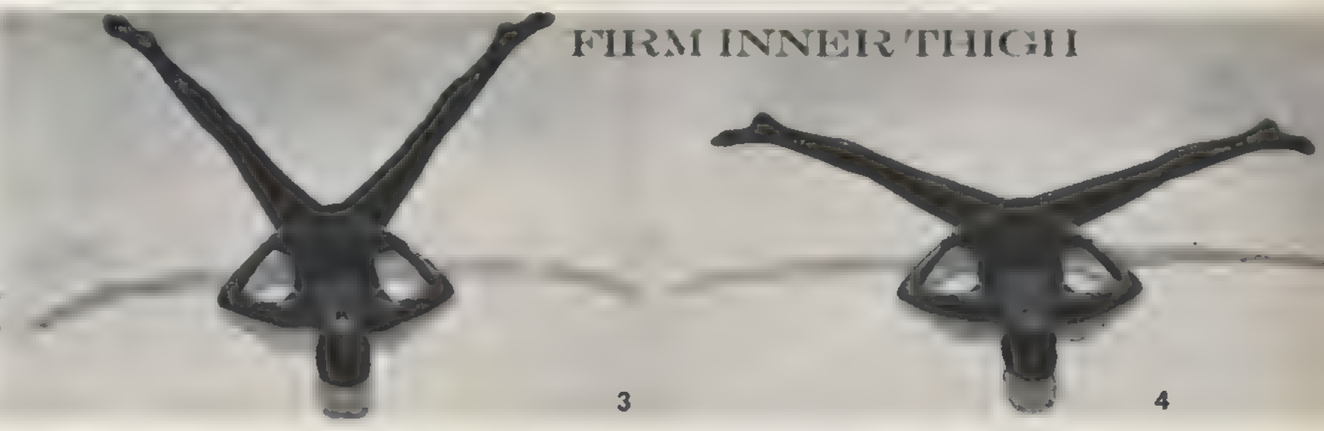
STRETCH SPINE, CORRECT DOWAGER'S HUMP



1 2

Starting position: lie flat, small of back touching floor, toes pointed, knees straight, arms at sides. **1.** Breathing in: raise head high, bend knees to chest, clasp with hands. Hold a few seconds. Breathing out: return to start. **2.** Relax. From start, breathing in: lift torso off floor and swing legs over head. Breathing out: return slowly.

FIRM INNER THIGH



3 4

Assume starting position, hands on hips. **3.** Breathing in: bring legs up straight. Breathing out: swing legs wide apart. Close. Bring back to floor. **4.** Practise this limbering up exercise until you are able to swing legs very wide without muscle strain (second exercise shown above). Do all exercises five times each at the beginning.

FIRM ABDOMEN AND LOWER BACK. IMPROVE POSTURE.



5 6 7

5. Assume starting position, hands on hips. **6.** Breathing in: raise both legs about ten inches. Hold five seconds. Breathing out: lower legs to floor. Breathing in: raise both legs ten inches again. **7.** Raise right leg another ten inches. Breathing out: lower it to level of left leg. Repeat exercise with left leg, breathing rhythmically.

New buffer for body buffs

What's so especially shipshape about great shaper Lauren Hutton here? The dreamy, gleamy skin she's in. Polished, scented, and smoothed for optimum silk and show with a brand-new balm from Alexandra de Markoff. Name of this caretaker: Allevia Body Treatment—current adjunct to the Markoff Night Cream (of face- and throat-care fame) and a moistureful mix meant to blandish every sleek, satiny inch of everybody....Specifics of its bodywork—besides already noted suavities—include caring for flakiness and guarding against sunburn with a built-in sunscreen....Tunic: Scott Barrie. Shine on shine: Georg Jensen silver necklace worn, as body jewellery, around the rib cage. Taut little coiffure: Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

HARRY BENSON

SHAPING KNEES, CALVES, ANKLES

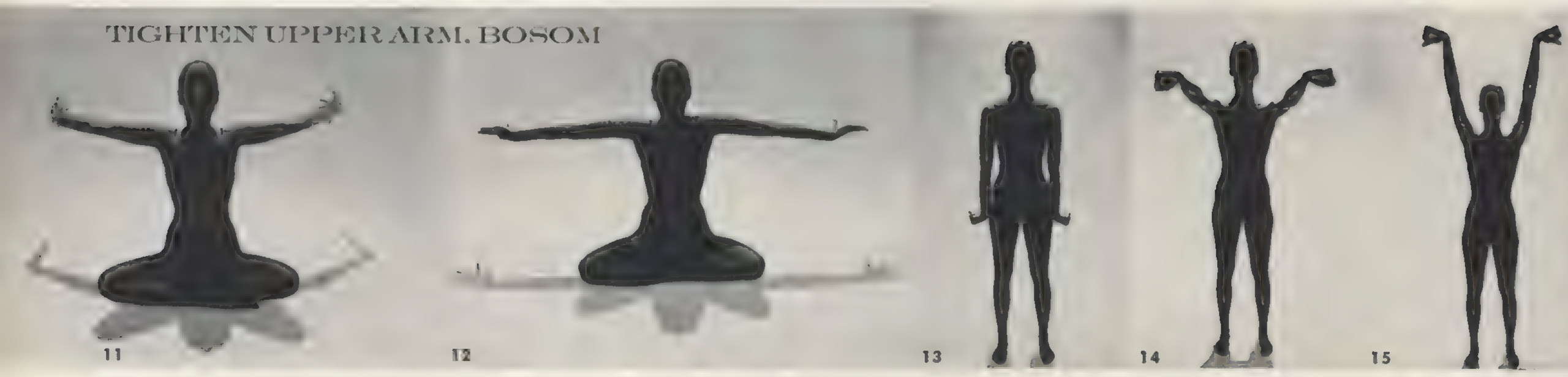


8 9 10

Starting position: stand erect, hands on hips, feet straight forward, ten inches apart. **8.** Moving slowly, breathe in, rise on toes. Breathe out, lower heels. Breathe in, rise. **9.** Breathe out, lower left heel. **10.** Repeat exercise lowering right heel.

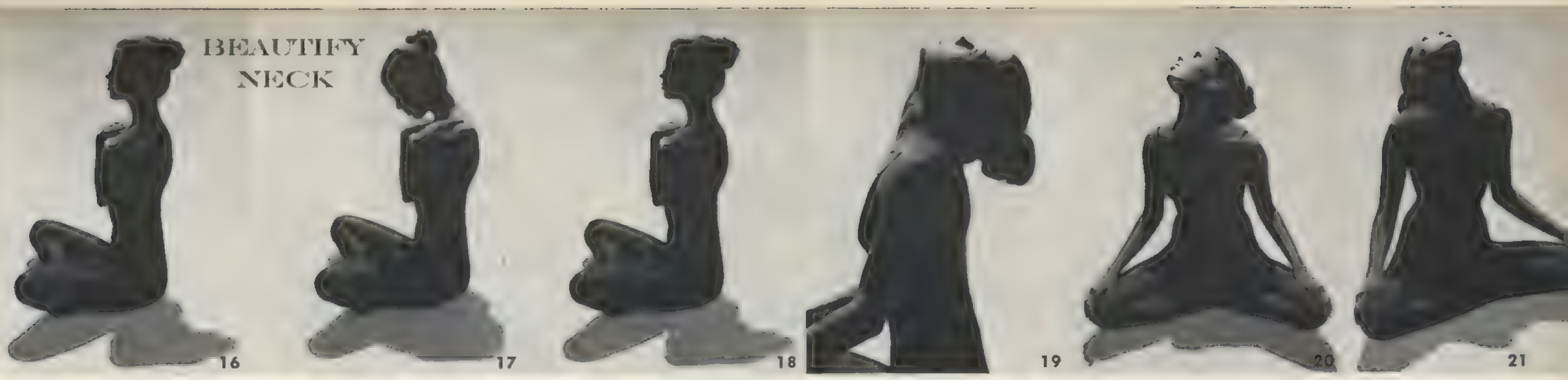
TAKE IT SLOW AND FIX IT FASTER: ONE THEORY OF MANYA KAHN'S 'KEEP YOUR COOL' EXERCISES

TIGHTEN UPPER ARM, BOSOM



Starting position: sit cross-legged on floor, spine straight, abdomen in, chest high **11.** Breathing in: stretch arms forward at shoulder height till palms touch. Breathing out: stretch arms back to shoulder level, move back and forth three times Return to centre. Breathing in: stretch arms back, move back and forth three times. **12.** Repeat the latter, this time turning palms back and up. **13.** Starting position: stand erect, palms touching thighs. Tighten hands into fists. **14.** Breathing in: lift fists forward to shoulder level, then up and way back. Breathing out: return to start. **15.** Breathing in: stretch fists back and up. Breathing out: return.

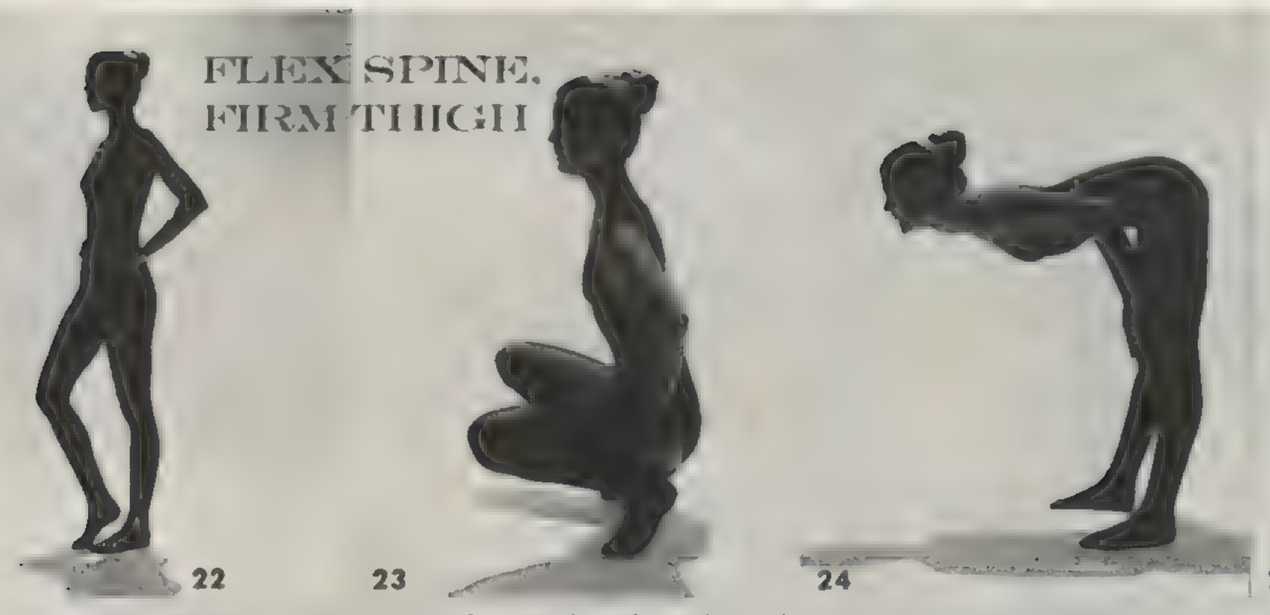




16. Starting position: sit cross-legged on floor, spine straight, abdomen in, chest high. **17.** Breathing in: lower head, chin into chest. **18.** Breathing out: return to start. **19.** Breathing in: stretch head way back, chin as high as you can. Breathing out: return to start. **20.** Breathing in: lower head, chin to chest, stretch head sideways to right, then way back, chin up. Continue movement to opposite side and return to start. **21.** Repeat this exercise, this time rolling head from left to right.

In the serene and well-cushioned elegance of Manya Kahn's four-storey New York town house, you practise her unique Body Rhythms under the direction of enviably-figured ex-ballerinas, who press you to go no further when you've reached your comfort limit. . . . Miss Kahn takes a dim view of the huff-'n'-puff school of exercise. "Depletes energy, increases tension." She likens her technique to the instinctive stretches and motions of the human body as it learns to sit and stand in babyhood. "When our ancestors refused to walk on all fours and stood upright, they put a great deal of strain on the spinal column, especially the small of the back. This strain is the source of complaint about much curvature of the spine, backache, fatigue, and, most of all, ungainliness." To change all this, Body Rhythms are geared specifically to strengthening the supportive muscles of the body. As these are disciplined, flab disappears. (For information about Manya Kahn exercise-at-home courses, see page 34.) Danskin leotard and tights. Hair by Alan of Lewis and Hopson.

HARRY BENSON



22. Starting position: stand erect, hands on hips, feet straight forward, ten inches apart. **23.** Breathing in: lower torso to squatting position, heels raised, spine straight. Breathing out: return to start. **24.** Breathing in: bend torso forward from hip joints to horizontal position, hands on knees. Breathing out: return to start.



25. Starting position: stand, feet ten inches apart, arms above head, palms up. Breathing in: sway body to right, lifting left heel only. Swing arms, head, torso way back. Breathing out: return to start. **26.** Breathing in: lower torso forward from hip joints. Breathing out: return to start. **27.** Repeat exercise 25 to the left.



28. Starting position: lie face down on floor, toes pointed, head touching floor, arms above head, palms down. Breathing in: raise upper torso and legs high off floor, weight on abdomen, hips, thighs. Breathing out: return to start. **29.** Breathing in: raise right side off floor, roll left, weight on left hip, thigh. **30.** Roll flat, weight on buttocks. **31.** Repeat left to right, and return to start.

BODY SCULP

New techniques in cosmetic surgery for every part of the body... and a working day in the life of an internationally famous doctor

BY SIMONA MORINI

Five-feet-something of muscular, sunburned body, small feet, baby-soft hands, a brief neck supporting a round, proud head with huge black eyes that extend almost to his sideburns, Dr. Ivo Pitanguy, a Brazilian, one of the most remarkable young—he is not yet forty-five—plastic surgeons in the world, reminds one of nineteenth-century German lithographs of Brazilian Indians. Instead of bow and arrow, however, he is more likely to brandish a tennis racket, an underwater gun, the rigging of a sailboat, or a horse's reins. This is Pitanguy the surgeon in action. . . .

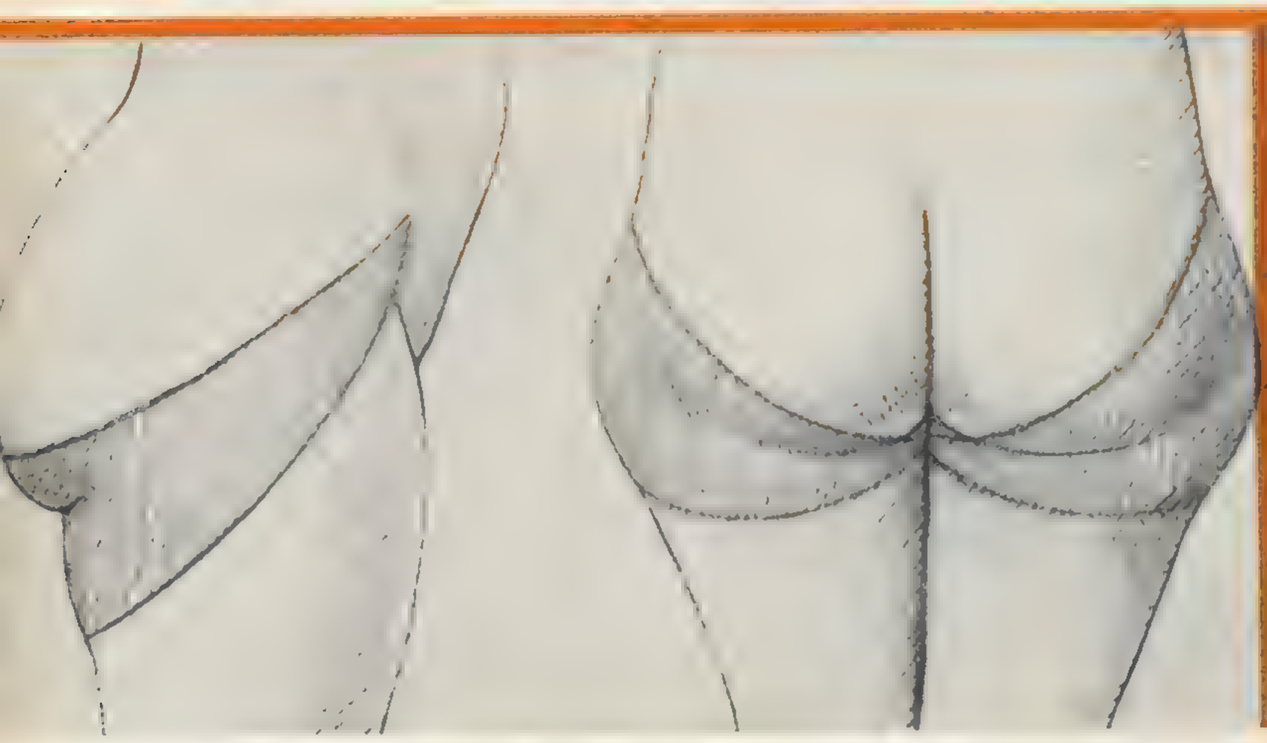
8 A.M. Dr. Ivo Pitanguy is enjoying his weekly massage in a small, bare room at his private clinic in Rio de Janeiro. High above his head he holds a small volume of Bertold Brecht's poems from which he reads aloud. Walther, his towering moustached masseur, occasionally corrects Pitanguy's German accent without interrupting the massage rhythm.

8:15 A.M. I remember I have a tape recorder with me and I quickly turn it on. Dr. Pitanguy gives it a side-glance and begins to declaim Brecht with added feeling.

8:20 A.M. The barber, looking like a banker in a grey business suit, materializes and actually manages to trim the doctor's hair without interfering with the massage.

8:35 A.M. Following a discreet knock at the door, enters Dr. Fernando Gontijo, one of the clinic's two young residents. A relaxed smile on his narrow face, he holds half a dozen green sheets studded with black-and-white photographs of patients: the day's cases. He is here to refresh Dr. Pitanguy's sharp memory about them and psychologically prepare him for the day's particular problems.

Dr. Pitanguy puts Brecht aside and switches to the soft, honeyed Portuguese of the educated (Continued on next page)







A "riding breeches" lift photographed twenty months after surgery

TURING

First and second drawings, opposite page: Profile and back view of a patient affected by the "riding breeches" syndrome. Two lines have been drawn on the buttocks by the surgeon—one above and one below the original gluteal folds—that show where the incisions will be made and the skin later sewn together.

For maximum accuracy, the calculation of the amount to be resected is done with the patient standing.

Third drawing: One step in the operation showing how a crescent-shaped section of adipose tissue is being lifted to be subsequently removed.

Fourth and fifth drawings: Profile and back view of a patient after the operation. The sutures coincide with the gluteal folds, extending from the inner side to the outer side of the buttocks, following a curve that almost reaches the height of the hipbone.





ELISABETTA CATALANO

BODY SCULPTURING

(Continued) Brazilian, which makes a business conference sound like a roomful of humming guitars.

8:40 A.M. An Argentine surgeon dashes in, smiling, his hand outstretched. He has come to Rio expressly to meet Dr. Pitanguy and witness today's operations. The two doctors exchange compliments in perfect Castilian.

8:45 A.M. Without knocking and with a cheerful "Bom dia, chefe," enters Elsie, the doctor's copper-haired medical secretary, one of Pitanguy's most enthusiastic former patients. Taking Dr. Fernando's place near the massaging table, she daintily holds near Dr. Pitanguy's face a microphone connected to a tape recorder. Illogically, I turn off mine, while the doctor softly dictates notes and letters into his.

8:55 A.M. A shy nurse, whose knocking was too faint to be heard, announces that the first patient is ready and anaesthetized, and if the doctor cares to he may operate.

9 A.M. Invigorated by the massage, flattered by the presence of a woman reporter from New York and two tape recorders, Dr. Pitanguy is ready to operate on noses, eyelids, tired necks, oversized or unmatched breasts, on thighs deformed by cellulite, on atrophied hands, sagging eye pouches; to reconstruct a malformed ear, to graft a burned cheek . . . whatever is scheduled on Dr. Fernando's green sheets: the summary of several examinations and careful planning.

9:15 A.M. The chief receptionist begins to receive new patients and take their applications. They wait in a room hung with colourful Brazilian primitive paintings. They are mostly women and they arrive daily at the clinic from all over the world in chauffeured limousines, in taxis, by bus. Some are not there: They are represented by their pilots, ready to whisk the surgeon to private jets. Others are waiting for him in Italy, Switzerland, Paraguay, Chile. . . . Some may send Dr. Pitanguy, in addition to the check covering the operation fee, a Thoroughbred as a token of their gratitude; others do not have the money for the operation; all will receive the same treatment at the clinic, the same kinds of rooms—the faucets in *all* bathrooms are gilded dolphins, tails up, water gushing out of their laughing mouths.

"Doutor Ivo," as he announces himself on the house telephone and as he is called by the nurses, is a Brazilian myth. Monsueto, a famous Brazilian composer, wrote a samba about him: "I brought my Marietta to Dr. Pitanguy, he pulled her a bit here, he pulled her a bit there, aye, aye Dr. Pitanguy," roughly goes the song's refrain. Two out of three taxi drivers know who he is. "Pitanguy?" said one to me, laughing cheerfully, "Sure I know Pitanguy. He is the man who irons out all Rio ladies' wrinkles!"

From 9 A.M. to at least 2 P.M. Dr. Pitanguy disappears behind the swinging doors of the clinic's operating section. Three operating rooms, a minimum of four operations before lunch. Some of the techniques for these operations have been perfected, simplified, made safer, or plainly discovered by Dr. Pitanguy and his team behind those doors and, before the clinic was built, behind those of the Orthopaedic Ward at Rio's General Hospital, Santa Maria de Misericórdia.

In addition to reconstructive surgery in which he excels, Dr. Pitanguy is frankly, modernly concerned—unlike some plastic surgeons I met in Europe—with cosmetic surgery and, especially, with its psychological consequences on the patient. "Vanity is healthy," aphorized this unusual man who is also an art collector, who loves poetry, is in love with life. His commitment to beauty is total, multiform, and continuous; so that, while he believes in the results of his body sculpturing, he never ceases to tell his patients they must exercise and diet. And to prepare for the correction of a flabby stomach, sagging breasts, deformed thighs, a patient should lose weight *before* surgery—he feels—although the additional discipline of a pre-operation diet is often difficult for a patient already tense, exhilarated, and a little frightened by an imminent operation from which she expects so much.

The Pitanguy private clinic—a pale three-storey building surrounded by almond trees that looks from its façade like a small quiet villa, one of the many in the residential area of Botafogo—is actually a whole, self-contained, busy world half-a-block deep. It was inaugurated in 1963, but as long as ten years ago Dr. Pitanguy had developed several new surgical techniques, about which he is not at all jealous or secretive; anyone can be present at his operations and can take his postgraduate course at the Pontifícia Universidade Católica in Rio.

One of the techniques Dr. Pitanguy improved years ago was that for the correction of hypertrophy (abnormal size) of the breasts. Some of the methods previously used, although they succeeded in reducing the hypertrophy, also involved some risk to the nipple's normal functions, such as lactation. To reduce and to mould a well-shaped breast was not enough for Dr. Pitanguy; he perfected a way of leaving intact the breast's adipose capsule containing the vessels and nerves important to the innervation and circulation of the nipple.

The same can be said of the technique for abdomen reduction. Dr. Vittorio Consiglio, Italian professor of plastic surgery, recently





wrote: "As far as abdomen reduction is concerned. the most complete technique is that conceived by the Brazilian Pitanguy. . . . The final suture, a narrow mark almost coinciding with the pubic-hair line, is invisible even with the smallest bikini."

And then there is the trochanteric lipodystrophy, known commonly as "riding breeches" defect. It is a condition that rarely has anything to do with glandular malfunction or obesity due to any disorder of the ovaries and it usually affects the body from the waist down. Neither exercise nor loss of weight can remedy this condition, which is an accumulation of adipose tissue (fat) on the thighs that makes a woman hesitate to wear a bathing suit. A Brazilian touch: Dr. Pitanguy in his papers speaks of "clothes appropriate to a tropical climate."

As recently as the early 'sixties, plastic surgeons often refused to operate to correct "riding breeches" because the known techniques involved lateral, vertical scars that were visible with bathing suits and did not correct the appearance of either the front or the inner side of the thighs. What is done now is first to calculate the quantity of tissue to be resected (cut off). Then two lines on the patient's buttocks are drawn (see medical drawings on preceding page). The upper line is to establish the first line of incision and also the height of the future folds; the lower, to indicate the second line of incision. The adipose tissue is resected within a single flap, which is then pulled upward and backward to the inner side of the thighs. This not only corrects the lateral defect but also reduces the flabbiness of the inner thigh, which is frequently associated with lipodystrophy. The final suture line coincides with the buttocks' fold but extends to the outer side of the thighs and is perfectly concealable by a bathing suit.

In any case, the scars after one year are extremely pale and often disappear altogether with the help of massage and exercise. Another important detail is that this surgery does not interfere with the lymphatic circulation, and swelling or other undesirable after-effects are not encountered. After this operation, the patient is able to walk without discomfort after two days, and to sit down normally after ten days to two weeks.

One kind of operation Dr. Pitanguy does most rarely and most reluctantly is the correction of flabby arms: "There is no way of hiding the scars," he said firmly.

2:30 P.M. Doutor Ivo emerges from the last operating room. Tense but smiling, he is ready to slip into a fresh white shirt, freshly bleached Swedish clogs, and have lunch in his private quarters on the third floor. Juices of guaraná, a mini-steak, sautéed palmitos hearts. a banana. a Brazilian cigarette with the coffee. But today, because the astronauts are landing on the *lua*, lunch is to be served in the clinic's common dining room, (Continued on page 259)

1. Medical photographs of a nineteen-year-old patient with a severe breast hypertrophy. Noticeable on the breasts is the network of veins. Also apparent is the effort the patient has to make in order to maintain good posture. In time, this condition could affect her spine.

2. The same patient, six months after a two-and-a-half-hour operation. In this photograph the nipples are not yet in their natural, final position, which they will attain about ten to twelve months after the operation.

3. Medical drawing of a thirty-five-year-old patient with flaccid abdomen and large, malformed navel.

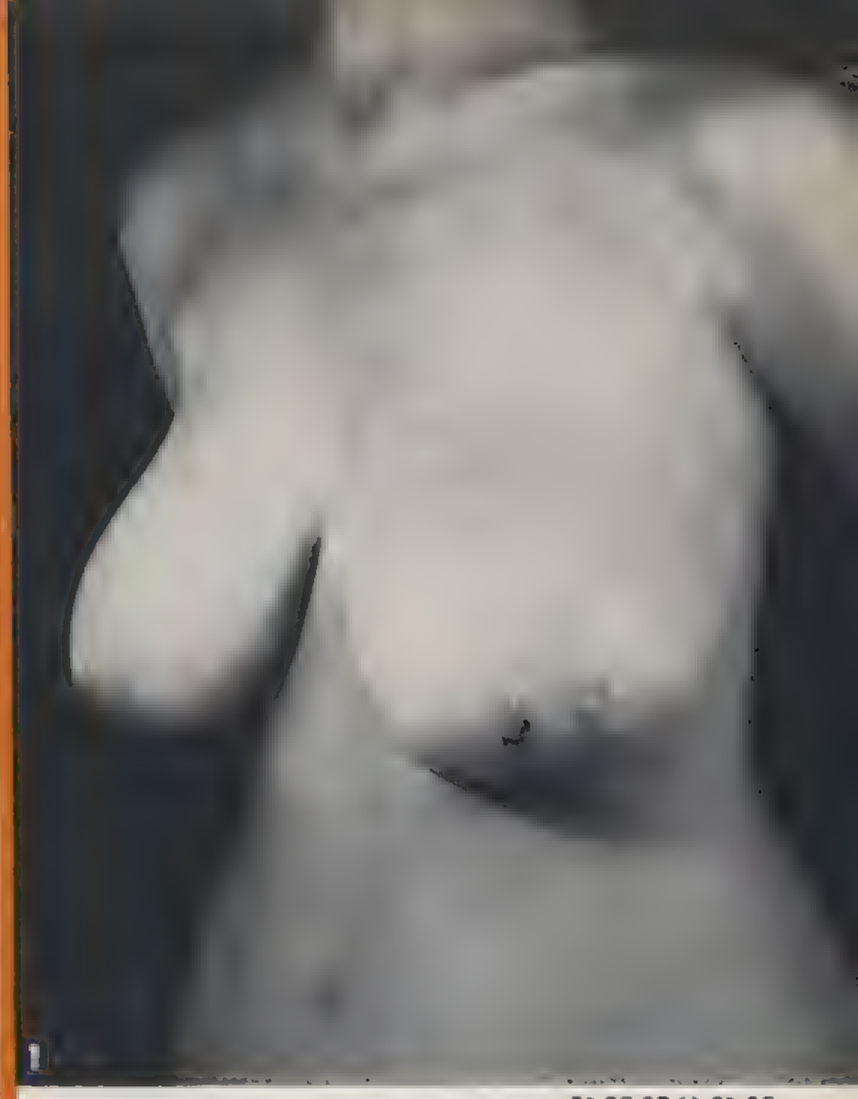
4. The same patient after the operation. The navel has been attractively reduced. The scar is narrow and low on the belly, and coincides with the pubic-hair line. Even where it extends over the hips it will pale considerably in time.

5. Medical drawing of a twenty-nine-year-old patient with trochanteric lipodystrophy—an accumulation of adipose tissue on the external side of the thighs.

6. Sketch of the same patient, three weeks after a two-and-a-half-hour operation. She was able to lie on her back the same day and, after two or three days, she could walk without any discomfort. Normally, it takes ten days to two weeks to sit down comfortably.

7. Back view of patient before the "riding breeches" operation illustrated in drawings 5 and 6.

8. Back view of the same patient after surgery. The scars, already barely visible, will pale even further and, in many cases, disappear after approximately twelve months.









WOMAN AND WOMEN

"American woman is the eternal temptress"

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

Women means my stepmother, my first cousin, the girl at the tobacco kiosk, Mrs. Hoskins next door. Women partake of the nature of *woman*, but they are not what I mean when I use that term. *Woman* is the paradox of a gorgeous sensuous abstraction. She may have a name—Messalina, Madame de Maintenon, Liz Taylor—but the name is not important. In both senses of the word, she is undated. She is for all men and hence is never seen on the arm of one man. She did not burn a cake on April 15 or enter the obstetrics ward on October 9. She moves us (meaning men) but she is static; she is a potency not an actress.

One aspect of her mystery is that, though she is above space-time, she can never be seen except under the aspect of space-time's meanest rags—the agglomeration of things we call fashion. When she is not in the fashion, she has nothing to say to us. She may even appall. This applies as much to her body and her mind as to the garments that clothe both. The women of Rubens, Titian, and Botticelli are eternal but not timeless. Their bodies will do for their own day but not for ours. If we wish to love them, we have to slide down the chute of time and cease to be men of the nineteen-sixties. The swan-necked creatures with snowy sloping shoulders who appear in nineteenth-century magazines are for their own mutton-chop-whiskered cavalry officers. They are not for us. But, by this argument, when a woman anticipates the future in the shape of her body or the look in her eyes, then she disturbs terribly, and disturbs in a way that stifles allure. That Venus of Velázquez has a twentieth-century body. The *Punch* ladies of Du Maurier are too tall to be Victorian. This is abominable and unclean witchcraft.

Actresses know instinctively that they must not move out of their own time, however historically remote the part they have to play. When, on television, we see old costume films, we know when they were made almost to the year. The ladies of the court in Alexander Korda's *The Private Life of Henry VIII* are not Tudor roses. They are neo-Georgian, 1934 vintage. You can tell this superficially from their hair styles and their egg-smooth faces; but you can also tell it from (Continued on page 262)

Dazzle on dazzle—diamonds and sapphires worn by Raquel Welch

Diamonds, sapphires, burning bright, bright as kleig lights, running on the cool, endless energy of perfect jewels. One necklace plays the diamonds straight, and is played against a second chunked with sapphires as big as scarabs . . . and rings, more sapphires, huge sapphires, banked with diamonds—a ransom of starry jewels exploding with light against the dazzling star who wears them here. Raquel Welch, young and switched-on and wowsome—most recently in *100 Rifles;* next up, *Myra Breckinridge* . . . possessed of sultry, tawny good looks that could play the warmth of Elizabeth Arden's bronze cream blush and golden eye shadow against the coolth of Silver Jonquil lipstick. . . . Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels. Tie-dyed panne velvet by Up Tied. Silk print by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché.

AVEDON







WHAT'S THIS "GREY" LOOK? ALCHEMY FROM ITALY.

See Veruschka—foxy *left*, fine-feathered *right*. In both cases, on both faces: the identical makeup, a two-toned haze of silvered gold wrought by Roman hair-smiths Alba e Francesca, and Olga, their visagiste turned alché-mist. Gold-flecked powder shim-mers the face. Silver lacquers the eyelids. More gold sheens the mouth, a mix of green and pink lipstick, overtoned with gold. Smoky grey lines the eye, flashes white at outer and inner corners. Olga borrowed some real silver pow-der "from the jeweller around the corner," mixed it with white for eye shadow. . . . False eyelashes also by Alba e Francesca. Alba herself snipped them and applied them one-by-one for these pictures. . . . Hair, a honey-stranded flow swept to the crown in two versions of "the concierge." White fox and pheasant feather costumes: by Valentino. Jewels by Bulgari.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

PENATI

NEWSY BREAK: COSMETICS MATCHED TO YOUR SKIN

Some of the most beautiful girls around are all of a sudden finding it possible to have their complexions made to order. Etherea, whose concept is bright-new, and whose point of view is a spirited amalgam of nanny-ish purity and blazing chic, have composed a cosmetic structure which is cunningly organized to adapt to the individual skin—to offer it unprecedented gloss and refinement. Our girl, above, has just anointed her face and throat with one of the most exquisite essentials: BCO (Biologically Correct Oils) which comes in one-shot capsules. Her skin—or yours—will take from this extraordinary compound exactly what it needs during the night hours, all in the interest of a sleek and radiant morning face. The Etherea drill is marvellously un-fussy—a matter of filling out a card which is given you at any Etherea station, and of presenting it to one of their knowledgeable counsellors for analysis and advice. The list of treatments is brief but bull's-eye, and it is backed up by an entrancing choice of individually organized makeup. All Etherea products are hypo-allergenic, and are made under conditions so stringently sterile that one can not imagine a single mote of dust having the temerity to penetrate the scientifically-sealed jars and bottles. Further, the special-texture makeup itself is imbued with felicitous moisture benefits, which is excitingly new, and certainly splendid for your now and future zing. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.



SOAP: WHO NEEDS IT? AND WHO DOESN'T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON HOW TO CLEAN A FACE, HOW OFTEN, AND WITH WHAT. HOW CLEAN IS CLEAN?

Soap vs. cleansing cream. Who's doing what to whom? You can't boil it down to "Soap's for the young" and "Cream's for the old" which is the first temptation. You can't because you'll see around you sixteen-year-olds with flawless complexions—and what do they use? Nothing but cream, if that's the kick they're on. . . . Meanwhile, at the instigation of some skin wizard, their mothers may be scrubbing their own more seasoned but equally enviable faces with soap as often as they can get within splashing distance of a water tap.

As long as "keep it clean" is a major beauty rage, the conversation will continue. Should you use soap three times a week and cream the other four days? Or should you eschew soap entirely? Here, some of the most frequently-asked questions—and some answers that you can let your face interpret for you. And your own experience with that face, as you probably have sensed already, is the really definitive answer.

What do the dermatologists say? They say a lot, and they do not always agree. Dr. A says: "Although soap is generally the best way to cleanse skin, taking an either/or attitude about soap versus cleansing cream is all wrong. There is no reason why a woman shouldn't use both." . . . Dr. B says: "Soap is a most reliable cleanser, but *not* the universal cleanser. As gland activity slows with the years, you do outgrow your need for soap." . . . Dr. C says: "Soaps are slightly alkaline, and this alkalinity contributes to its ability to cleanse. Claims that the alkalinity of soap is deleterious and drying, or that a well-formulated soap can cause skin damage in normal use, are probably grossly exaggerated."

These are three opinions from no mean students in the field. Now hear Dr. Theodor Rosebury, bacteriologist and author of the lively book, *Life on Man.* "On skin, soap and water (serves as well as anything) ; and, if you really want the truth, not too much soap, and not too often. As I have mentioned before, removing too much of the fatty material of the skin with an overzealous use of soap may be harmful. Know what you are doing to yourself, and let well enough alone."

How clean is clean enough? There is no litmus paper test. No skin can ever be 100% clean from one moment to the next, for the skin is constantly discharging a certain amount of sebum and perspiration to keep the moisture and oil balance within the inner skin. *Clean enough ideally means a skin with colouration that appears uniform, a skin with translucency, unclogged so that its upper layer admits and reflects light.* Clean enough is skin that not only looks fresh, *but smells good.* On skin the fatty components of sebum contribute the unpleasant odour of fatty acids. "Overcreamed skins smell like cheese," said one fastidious Nose. . . . Since sebum flows in different degrees from different skins, what's "clean enough" in one skin may be far from in another.

Oily, dry, normal skin? Which should clean with what? Oily skin, the big sebum producer, usually requires more soaping. Dry tends to want less soap than oily, because soap and detergents, by their very cleansing action, can make dry skin too dry. Normal, of course, is Mr. In-Between. As to which kind of cleanser, hear a noted New York dermatologist. "Soap provides one kind of solvent. Oil or cream provides another. Presumably, the more solvent systems you use to remove dirt from the skin, the cleaner you get the skin. Oil and cream are helpful, often better than soap, in removing makeup. But only (Continued on next page)





SOAP: WHO NEEDS IT? AND WHO DOESN'T.

(Continued) the extremely rare woman who is actually sensitive to soap and water must rely exclusively on cleansing oils and creams."

Whichever the cleansing agent, soap and/or cream, its thorough removal after it's done its work can not be overstressed. Soap is a cleanser, not a treatment. Any traces of it lingering on the skin become unfriendly. Experts recommend so many rinsings now that one new dermatologically-designed soap is proud that its formula makes only three rinses necessary. . . . Creams and lotions applied solely for cleansing similarly require thorough removal.

How often should the face be cleansed? Certainly in the morning to remove the dead skin and oils discharged during the night. Certainly at bedtime and every time new makeup is applied. Beyond that frequency depends on the skin type, with oily sometimes calling for six clean-ups a day.

Is there a cut-off point for soap, such as the age called Middle? One well-known authority, with a following of famous beauties, insists on soap for all skins, whatever age. The clinical age of the skin does not agree necessarily with the chronological age. . . . But with diminished glandular activity, there may be a need to switch to a gentler soap, more creams and oils.

What are the clues for changing cleansing strategy? Although some dermatologists tell us that we never have "mixed" skin types—oily on one part of the face, dry on another—our skin type is subject to a variety of factors which make us want to change our cleansing habits. The most obvious of these is age. The same woman frequently passes through the whole gamut of skin types in her lifetime. . . . A second factor which can alter skin is health. Glandular changes, changes caused by medication, adolescence, menopause, and pregnancy all affect skins through hormonal changes. . . . The third thing which can change skin is climate and weather. The newest threat to skins can not yet be assessed: air pollution. At least it makes our skins dirtier; the metropolitan woman must clean her face more often. *Experiment, enjoy!* Cosmetics are functional, but cosmetics are also great fun, or we'd all still be using laundry soap and bear grease. Much of the fun lies in trying out, experimenting, changing products and routines from time to time. The chances of damaging your skin with any modern product are near to zero.

What about occasional special cleansing? Facial masques and abrasive scrubs give a sensation of tightening and extra cleanliness which is particularly refreshing to skins with an oily disposition. Dry skins prefer special treatments which stimulate facial oils, and the best of these include steaming. All skins benefit by being put in the hands of a professional for a complete clean-up. Some of the cleanest, youngest-looking faces in the land have been keeping weekly engagements with the facial artists for years. Cleanliness may be not only next to Godliness, but closely associated with enduring Youth. . . .

TOUCH OF THE POET. There is a winging, wanton land of fantasy, somewhere north of Reason and slightly west of Commonsense, where pleasure exists for its own sake—without conscience, without penalty. Coleridge called it Xanadu. It is an incredibly apt name for the enchanted creams and coddlements, scents and subterfuges on the page facing. Fabergé's Amelia Bassin, who loves and appreciates beauty-making, and who inhabits a nearly visible pleasure dome, has housed her fabulous new Xanadu cosmetics in flights of Plexiglas and provided mirror-chrome oil-cans to dispense lotions. There is so much, it can not all be described, but it should be noted that the Honey-Dew Nectar Moisturizer and the Milk of Paradise Cleanser are not to be resisted.



BARRY LATEGAN

BEAUTY *bulletin*

STRAIGHT HAIR: CUT AND JUMPING TO A LIGHT CURVE

A woman's hair should be cut and shaped precisely to follow the shape of her head and the curve of her face. Like Hiroko's, *left*, a triumph of shine and line, just right for her enchanting small face. Strong, shining purple-black hair, swept smooth from the crown straight past the brow and jumping to a light curve under the jaw, framing the face as softly as cloth, like a wimple. "There are many Japanese girls now who colour their hair. And I decided to keep mine as black as possible," said Hiroko. "I never go to a hairdresser except for the cutting. Otherwise, they know they must not touch my hair. For myself, I prefer to do myself. I feel better." Her routine is simply cut-and-run, wash-and-dry, although one Hiroko-watcher insists that spring and supershine must be due to seaweed in her diet. . . . She looks like a warm little apricot, her translucent, lightly-tanned skin glowed with Bronze Tan, cheeks pinked with Pink Chiffon—both Make-up Sticks; eyes shined with Black Liquid Eyeliner, lips slicked with Mikado Bronze: makeup by Shiseido. Diamond-and-lapis-lazuli bracelet at the neck, by Donald Claflin of Tiffany. The marvellous shape of hair, *above*, straight and smooth from the crown, springing to the slightest curve against the nape of the neck . . . the skull small, the face framed with cropped-off-short fringe and little scriptic W's. Haircut by Christopher of Vidal Sassoon, London.

MRS. CARTER BURDEN...
A LOOK AS PURE
AND CALM AS A
LAURANA MARBLE.


AVEDON



BEVERLY SILLS, IRREPRESSIBLE FORCE With extravagant vitality, a glorious coloratura voice, Beverly Sills has surged to the top, reducing opera goers and opera critics to limp adoration. When she sings her first *Lucia di Lammermoor* with the New York City Opera company, on October 9, New Yorkers will have another chance to emulate the Milanese who ripped apart the roses she handed out at La Scala's stage door (the flowers came from drifts of bouquets in her dressing room) and threw the petals at her feet after her début there in *The Siege of Corinth*. Audiences fell for her in Vienna, Buenos Aires, Lausanne, Mexico City, Santiago, and Cologne as well. A wholly American singer, New York born and trained, Beverly Sills started her career at three on a children's radio show, rose through those radio classics, "Major Bowes' Family Hour" and "Our Gal Sunday," even sang the happy little washday commercial, "Rinso White." A pause in her climb on the opera stage came when she married Peter Greenough, a financial columnist who brought her three stepchildren. Their own son and daughter were each born with a handicap. When she had faced this tragedy, she again soared out, stronger, freed of inhibitions by her grief. Both as an actress and as a singer she now is at the pinnacle, poised and secure: "When I am acting a tense, dramatic moment, I am completely in the part. But if it is a vocal feat, then I have to make the audience listen, show them the art of singing. Then there is no time for artfulness, no tricks or stage business. I just put my hands at my sides and give the audience a singing lesson."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



JACK ROBINSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Cosmiclassirock, the dodecaphonic sound with electric fiddle played by seven from Chicago on the Columbia album *The Flock*. . . . The revival by the young, exuberant City Center Joffrey Ballet of Massine's ballet *The Three-Cornered Hat* with sets and costumes from Picasso's designs for the 1919 London production by the Diaghilev Ballet Russe. . . . The book *The Making of a Counter Culture* (Doubleday) by Theodore Roszak who measures the young's turn against the establishment with this-hurts-me-worse-than-it-hurts-you affection, and wrote, "It is because this youthful renaissance of mythical-religious interest holds such promise of enriching our culture that one despairs when, as so often happens, the young reduce it in their ignorance to an esoteric collection of peer-group symbols and slogans, vaguely daring and ultimately trivial. Then, instead of culture, we get collage. . . ."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Bernadette Devlin, M. P., who repeats clearly that Northern Ireland's ills stem as much from economic as religious prejudice as if she were daily nailing an edict on the world's door. . . . The mindless misuse of the word "revolutionary," as in deodorants. . . . The Israeli-Arab tensions explained by a United Nations diplomat as "the Muddle East, middling through." . . . The sparks still falling from the Woodstock Music and Art Fair described by two kids walking down a country road miles from the action: "The biggest thing in the whole world—and we're here." . . . One spark shot out of sight by her performance at that Fair: Melanie, young and plump as a gumdrop, who sings in the shade of Edith Piaf.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sudden star comedy pair, Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon, sober, niggling, and wrenchingly funny in the Frankovich film *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* opening the New York Film Festival. . . . *The Forsyte Saga*, the television series starting October 5 on NET, made in England by an imposing cast pleased with its own abilities, and bringing a toff toffee wallow to soap opera. . . . The cliché "paid my dues" common to feisty politicians when they want a little rest. . . . The exhibition in New York from October 4 at John Gibson Projects of photographs of Allan Kaprow's spontaneous, stir-up Happenings, a documentation that makes this group art of the 'sixties look like a litterbug exposé.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Nicol Williamson, a British actor with ammonia power who carries the weight of two new movies; one, his celebrated *Hamlet* in which he is abrasive and arrogant, shouting down his nasal passages as if they were caverns of the sea; the other, *The Reckoning*, in which he plays a self-made Irish heel in England who is for no intelligent reason sorry for himself and has, for no apparent reason, overwhelming appeal to women, a rôle Williamson carries off like a virtuoso on the boombass. . . . The book *Arts and Packages* (Horizon Press), collected essays by Harold Rosenberg who writes about art with a thrusting, literate vigour to press his belief that some museums may do less to protect art than to institutionalize and fossilize it.



Mrs. Theodoracopulos's ravishingly fresh looks are the kind that could bring gallantry to the fore whether she is in country shirt and dungarees or a glistening drench of sable. With a mid-calf sable coat, which she wears thrown languorously back over a white crêpe jumpsuit, *at left*, she holds one of the minaudières made for her by Gianni Bulgari the size of a gold Idaho potato hung with gold crosses: "It's my jewellery. In the evening this is all I carry, especially with pants." Over tweed pants made for her by a man's tailor, Mrs. Theodoracopulos wraps a magnificently dark mink mid-calf coat, *right*, belting it with a shining width of leather and muffling it with a narrow length – several flower-strewn yards at least of chiffon. Both coats, made to order by Maximilian, one in natural Russian Crown sable, one in "Blackglama," Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink. Galanos jumpsuit. Coiffures arranged by Marc Sinclair of Charles of the Ritz.

MRS. HARILAOS THEODORACOPULOS

STEEPED IN SABLE AND MINK– THE MID-CALF FUR COAT



Short evening looks

...all the great little coats and dresses



The shiny little fur coaterie is the one to be seen in now—with the tiniest dresses and niftiest boots, the skinniest tunics and tights: lively looks, gleamy looks...bright as full-moon light at midnight on these ten pages and every night from there on. Black seal for a young De Musset, left—a boyish burst of romantic lines swaggering out over shiny black four-in-hand and white dinner shirt. By Schwartz & Kreinig: Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. Phil M. Stupp, Phila.; Furs by Robert, Detroit; Hoffman Morton, Chicago. Shirt by Blousecraft. Tie by Echo. Belt by Elegant. Silver fox circling out and about, right, and all around black seal's velvety shine—a giant silver fox muff winds up the snug little-sleeved look. By Oscar de La Renta for Oliver Gintel, of Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal trimmed in natural silver fox. Phil M. Stupp, Phila.; Blum's, Chicago. Maximilian muff. Gloves by Kislav. Both pages: David Evins boots. Coiffures by Marc Sinclaire of Charles of the Ritz.

PENATI





Short evening looks

THE SHINY BLACK SEAL COTERIE

Black seal tunic-coat fringed with mink tails, left—a toss of them over the shoulder and another at the waist—to belt over shining pants or wrap over tiny dresses, tall boots. Giorgio di Sant' Angelo for Chambers Sherwin, of Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. At Roberts Furs, Boston; Davidson's, Indianapolis. Watch by Sheffield. Gloves by Hansen. Dinner pants: Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants. High-wide-and-handsome collar and belt, above left, with everything shaping up fine for another gleamy little black seal look—a giant wrist flounce gives a hint of the white dinner shirt beneath. By Nat Lustgarten, of Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. Joseph Horne. Shirt by Adelaar. Belt by Calderon. Mid-calf coat going great, below left, over all the short dresses now—black seal glinted with leather and gilt, cosily muffled with Canadian fisher. By Sidney Lambert; Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. Montaldo's. Gloves: Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Delman boots, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Skating-dress coat, right, short and glistening in a whirl of black seal—it's belted here by black patent and scarfed with a tippet of blue fox. Geoffrey Beene for Dan Grossman; Fouke-dyed black Alaska fur seal. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; I. Magnin. Gloves: Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Tights: Mary Quant for Bonnie Doon. Coiffures: Marc Sinclaire of Charles of the Ritz.



PENATI





Short evening looks

THE LITTLE SHINY FUR COATERIE

Seal for real, above, because that's the whole thing now—real trench coat, real short, real shine, and sharp as black can be. By Valerie Furs of dyed black Lakoda sheared Alaska fur seal. At Ben Thylan; Victor Sacks, Phila. Silver fox beret by Halston. Gloves by Aris. Midnight-blue seal and white leather, left, gleaming like a little ciré shirtdress. Coat by Grosvenor of Canada, of dyed navy Lakoda sheared Alaska fur seal. Tailored Woman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; H. & S. Pogue. Gloves by Lanolav. Coiffure by Alexander of Kenneth. Midnight-blue beaver from hood to shirttail, right—the hem of a little yoked shirt-coat shining at all points. By Alixandre, of blue-dyed beaver. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Shiny gloves by Hansen. Shiny boots on both pages, by David Evins; made to order at I. Miller.



Short evening looks



PENATI

THE NIGHT LIGHT DRESSES

Evenings now are short and sweet and simply marvellous...filmy swingy little black dresses, wrapped in luxurious shawls, warmed by big fur muffs...all with boots to keep everything in just the right proportion. Black silk chiffon wrapped in ostrich, left: a feathery shawl winging a small dress that's open on top, full in the skirt. Robert David Morton. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Jack Gilbert bracelets. Scalloped black, above, curves on a low scoop neckline—black crêpe sheltered by a fringy black shawl. Wadih Pharaon for Moe Nathan. Of Avisco acetate-and-rayon (Bloomsburg fabric). $95. Halle's, Cleveland. Emily Wetherby shawl. Sant' Angelo choker. Black pleats over pants, above right: a long silk tunic with a high turtleneck collar, sheer and billowy sleeves. Sarff-Zumpano. Bonwit Teller. Adolfo pants. Bracelets: Capri and Stanley Hagler. Shoes by D'Antonio. Molten black, below right: falling in soft shiny pleats, caught at the waist. Ted Duckworth for Jonny Herbert. Of rayon, polyester, and Lurex (Style Trend fabric). About $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Reiss & Fabrizio silver fox muff. Sant' Angelo choker. Here and left: Bonnie Doon tights; boots by Battani. Coiffures these four pages: Alexander of Kenneth.

Short evening looks

THE NIGHT LIGHTS

Bib of pearls, left: big fake ones scrunched together on a turtleneck collar, then scattered wide on black velvet—a wonderful short dress with long narrow sleeves...perfect with knee-high black boots and a black-dyed Russian lynx muff. Donald Brooks dress. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Gus Mayer; Swanson's. Reiss & Fabrizio muff. Tights by Hanes. Sparkling moon white, above, and a big fluff of muff—the softest little chiffon shirtdress all tucked in pleats with jewelled bands at the collar and cuffs, shiny white evening boots. By Parnes Feinstein, of rayon chiffon. About $130. Best & Co.; Rich's. Silver fox muff from Reiss & Fabrizio. Tights by Emilio Pucci for the McCallum Boutique. Battani satin boots. Jet bugle beads, right, on a wrap of black crêpe with a V plunge. Bill Haire for Victoria Royal, of acetate-and-rayon crêpe. Bergdorf Goodman Plaza Collections; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson. Charles Elkaim neckpiece. Tights by Mary Quant for Bonnie Doon. Diamanté sunburst, far right, lighting up satin—a long black tunic sashed in black satin backed with white; straight white satin pants. Pattullo-Jo Copeland, of silk-and-rayon satin (William Rose fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.; Bullock's-Wilshire.









The red hots

Open your eyes and see red—red in every shade, red in every texture—wear red and start a little flame going. . . . 1. Huggly-snuggly ringtail with shiny red legs: a short bundle-of-fur coat fastened like an officer's tunic in beige suède and gilt, grabbed round the middle by a red-hot streak of belt; shiny red boots, red tights. Coat made to order by Maximilian (belt added). Kislav gloves. Watch by Dynasty. Big pouchy bag by Cancela Mesejean. Hudson tights. Battani boots. 2. Paint-the-town-red artist's smock—soft gleamy satin-backed crêpe, necktied and belted low. Junior Sophisticates by Tom Nasarre. Of Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny. Sant' Angelo rings. Dynasty watch. Red tights: Hudson. Red shoes: Moya Bowler for Jerry Edouard, at Henri Bendel. 3. Films of red and black silk chiffon—a tiny toga, billowing over one shoulder, one arm left bare. By Hanae Mori. Bergdorf Goodman. Michael Hic hair ornaments. . . . Another Hanae Mori to cover all of you—her flower-fresh perfume; by Shiseido. 4. Just red and shocking—swirls and whirls of colour printed on silk chiffon; an airy little thing with one arm veiled in a wing of transparency, the other covered by a long sleeve. By Hanae Mori. Bergdorf Goodman. Charles Elkaim necklace. 5. Fireball in the rain—orange-red poplin with a toasty lining of nutria. Henry Friedricks, of Dacron and cotton. Scotchgard finish (Galey & Lord fabric). $240. Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo jumpsuit. Michael Hic necklace. Hansen gloves. 6. Snow white, a little red around the edges: a nifty little knit shirtdress with two buttoned pockets, all trimmed and belted in orange-red. By Parade, of Dacron and wool (dress comes with its own belt). $46. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Watch by Bill Blass for Vantage. Calderon belt. Van Raalte knee socks. Coiffures on these four pages by Alan of Lewis and Hopson.



The



little smoothies



Smooth and delicious—shades of deep brown to champagne beige for the prettiest little evenings. . . . Curlicues of brown cut velvet, left above, on brown chiffon—a long tunic wrapped over matching pants. By Halston. About $250. Bloomingdale's; Halle's, Cleveland; Sakowitz. Charles Elkaim fake pearl ropes. Vendôme rings. Leon Buchheit hairpieces. Brown flip, left, a little silk chiffon dress with the kickiest skirt around in two ripply tiers. Pierre Cardin-New York (Onondaga fabric). At Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Julius Garfinckel; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Sant' Angelo choker. Trifari rings. Round-the-Clock tights. . . . The shiniest, healthiest hair, hair conditioned by Treatment de Pantene. Furbelow, this page: sable hemming beige moiré velvet—the coatdress held by diamanté buttons and a cord belt. Bill Blass of rayon (Royal Woolens fabric). Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's. Alexis Kirk hair sticks. Trifari rings. Sant' Angelo garter. Leon Buchheit hairpiece.

PENATI

bright with excitement

exclusively yours, pursuant vulvas



Patchwork velvet

Innovative upholstery









LINGERIE—THE NEW HORIZONS

In view here, the newest lingerie—really something to set your sights on—beautiful jumpsuits and pyjamas to wear at home or to cosy little dinners . . . or to wear dancing by the sea. . . . Scrumptious things to sleep in; super little terry wraps to throw on first thing in the morning or knot over a bikini or towel up in after a bath. And everything is cut to perfection—fluid and close, just falling lightly on the body. . . . Never ever has lingerie been so versatile . . . never so luxurious. . . .

Brilliant colour on the near horizon, right: a fiery red jumpsuit with a tailored shirt-top, and full wide pants—all very simple and simply smashing under a rainbow-beaded weskit. By Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon tricot. About $18. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Baar & Beards scarf. Janis Barden weskit: Henri Bendel.

Step into a little dazzle, far right: peachy pyjamas tied round and round with bright-green silk—a long tunic and flared pants, both glittered around the edges with Lurex ribbon embroidery. By Kayser, of brushed Estron acetate and nylon. About $15. Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Bullock's, Downtown. Ray Strauss scarf. All coiffures, these eight pages, by Christophe Carita. A beautiful dewy blush for cheeks, by the sea here: Clinique's Wild Rose Gel.

JOHN COWAN



Flounces of tiny pleats, left, on a long narrow chiffon tunic and pants in a warm cocoa colour.... And a wonderful way to wear pyjamas—with a crisscross of chains and a long chiffon scarf wrapped small and smooth around the head, the ends flying. Christian Dior pyjamas, of polyester chiffon (Cohama fabric). About $10. At Best & Co.; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Napier chains with jewelled seashells from Marguerite Stix. Things that go wrap in the night, right: a delicious little sleep coat in pale-lilac nylon tricot that's wrapped, sashed, and rippled over matching rippled shorts. By John Kloss for Cira, of Caprolan nylon tricot. Sleep coat, about $18; shorts, about $6. Both at Henri Bendel; Sanger-Harris; Joseph Magnin. The merry-terry coat, far right: a stretchy streak of blue, short as a shirt – zipped all the way to a turtleneck collar and elasticized at the waist – terrific as an afterbath snuggler: terrific, as shown here, on the beach. By Ruth Bekker, of Orlon and Dacron stretch terry. About $35. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Long scarf by Emily Wetherby.

JOHN COWAN

NEW LINGERIE
on the horizon

Daliah Lavi





New horizons IN LINGERIE

Daliah Lavi, far left, the ravishing Israeli actress, starring in the movie *Some Girls Do*, dazzles here like a jewel in the desert . . . a vivid blue-print jump belted and buttoned down the front, with straight pants, just like a flightsuit —all ready to take off for little dinner parties. By Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers, of nylon tricot. About $60. Bloomingdale's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Turquoise and white scarfs: Glentex. Sweet dream, left: a smidge of nightdress, cool as peach sherbet, with a V neck, shoestring tie, and lacy hem. From the Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform, of Enka Crepeset nylon tricot. $12. Gimbels; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Bullock's, Downtown. Baar & Beards scarf. Lace works, above: a long white sweep of coat, beautiful over white crêpe pyjamas wrapped in turquoise satin and strapped over the shoulder with a pearly belt. By Perfect Negligee. Coat of Venise lace; pyjamas of rayon-and-acetate. At Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Sash added.

JOHN COWAN

LINGERIE

beautiful dreams
on the horizon



JOHN COWAN

Daliah Lavi, this page: beautiful dreamer in the tiniest nightdress of all—just a round of pink pleats fluttering from a little flounce. By Van Raalte, of Enka Crepeset nylon. About $15. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Rich's; J. W. Robinson. Dreaming in the pink, left: Daliah Lavi wears soft, gleamy satin with a deep slit down the front and high drawstring waist—held to the body and falling very, very lightly. Nightdress by Sylvia Pedlar for Iris. Satin de Lys of nylon, polyester, and silk (Registered fabric). $30. Saks Fifth Avenue....One way to keep your skin in the pink—with a creamy coat of Bonne Belle's Moisture Lotion. The peasant shirt, below left, extended to a long billowy nightdress in snowy white satin with full sleeves gathered and tied up with pretty little bows here and there. By Matej Sherko for Character. In Satin de Lys of nylon, polyester, and silk (Registered fabric). About $35. At Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny.

Daliah Lavi



SPAIN

The prettiest girls in estupenda new fashion

Spanish fashion has never looked better: fresh and full of great dash and verve. Same goes for the girls in Spain, all breaking away from the shelter of tradition to find that life is a great adventure, all so happy and gay that it's a joy to be with them. ***Casilda Ussia*** in ***Rorira's*** caped pants turnout of camel wool gabardine, opposite left. Cape high as a bolero in front, dipping to a point in back over a belted tunic, straight pants. Of Cadena wool. Casilda, or Cati, epitomizes the new freedom of Spanish girls, works hard at her own small public relations agency and loves it. ***Shawn Ryan*** wears ***Elio Berhanyer's*** long coat of tortoiseshell vinyl, opposite right, held in back by a half belt —lined in beige jersey and worn over beige jersey tunic and pants. Shawn is tall and blond and green-eyed . . . mad about photography . . . the daughter of Americans living in Spain—in La Moraleja outside Madrid, where the clothes on these two pages were photographed. The turnout of Cadena fabric. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. ***Isabel Martínez Bordiú*** in ***Elio Berhanyer's*** pale-blue double-faced wool coat, this page, with electric-blue insets, the skirt lightly dirndl'd at the sides. Isabel has greeny-yellow cat's eyes and long light-brown hair; versatile girl, she's finishing courses in decorating, paints, designs clothes, plays a dozen sports well. Coat of Cadena fabric, at Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Coiffures on these six pages by Carita.

HENRY CLARKE

1

2

SPAIN

1. Maria Piedad de la Rocha and ***Isabel Martínez Bordiú*** in ***Elio Berhanyer's*** little covered-up black dinner dresses. At left, Maria Piedad. called Pitica, wears black velvet with a deep-V-inset of black chiffon tipped with a big pearly clip. She is small, dark, adorable; plans to study horticulture and landscape gardening this year. At right, Isabel wears black chiffon with St. Gall guipure—sheer and sprinkled with smoky-grey teardrops. Both dresses at Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Setting: El Teatro de la Zarzuela. ***2. Shawn Ryan*** wears ***Mitzou's*** terrific pale-grey suède turnout—coat, and tunic, and pants . . . marvellous on a tall blonde like Shawn. At Bergdorf Goodman Couture Boutique; Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin. Mitzou boots. ***3. Pitica de la Rocha*** in ***Pertegaz's*** sauvage long jacket—bogus zebra leather belted over a black wool gabardine jumpsuit tucked into short black calf boots. Hurel fabrics. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field; I. Magnin; and El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. ***4. Pitica*** wears ***Elio Berhanyer's*** dress-and-coat turnout in marvellous fabrics: the designs are like Miró paintings. The coat, white printed nylon splashed with red, yellow, blue, lined with blue wool; the dress, white wool with a wide red waistband and big blue buttons rimmed in yellow. Oleart fabrics. Turnout at I. Magnin. ***5. Pitica*** again—this time in ***Pertegaz's*** beige pigskin long coat, wrapped and belted over a high-necked beige shirt of angora and wool, long camel's hair skirt . . . with a fluffy red fox hat, little leopard boots. Shirt and skirt of Moreau fabrics. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; Marshall Field; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Pertegaz gloves. Setting (2, 3, 4, 5) La Moraleja, near Madrid.

HENRY CLARKE





SPAIN

Shawn Ryan in ***Lino's*** evening pyjama, opposite left—covered black chiffon covered with huge black velvet coindots. Flared sleeves, pink satin sash, pants spiralling in asymmetric layers that dip to the back. Cadena fabric. At Jordan Marsh, Boston. Photographed at La Moraleja, where Shawn lives with her family.

Isabel Martinez Bordiú wears ***Pertegaz's*** delicious evening dress, opposite above, of shell-pink satin veiled with one layer of palest pink organdie—slips on like a coat and wraps over to tie across the shoulder-blade with pink satin ribbon. Cadena fabric. Dress at Chez Ninon; Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City.

Maria Piedad de la Rocha, wearing ***Pertegaz's*** frilly black dinner dress of tucked organdie, opposite below. Ruffles under the chin, more ruffles and tucked ruffles at the hem. Bucol fabric. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Stockings and shoes by Pertegaz.

Casilda Ussia in ***Vargas's*** fascinating gypsy dress, this page—the gypsies in fashion play on and on. Multicoloured printed lamé with a deep décolletage, flounced sleeves, and deeply flounced hem . . . the waist caught with a sash of brilliant orange and fuchsia and a jangle of chains. The setting: El Teatro de la Zarzuela.

HENRY CLARKE


N.S.30

A CHOICE OF PAST

AT THEIR HOUSE NEAR PARIS FRANÇOIS HÉBERT-STEVENS AND HIS WIFE, CLAUDE ARTHAUD, STARTLE THE PAST ALIVE

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

Left: Peacocks pace and scream in the garden among columns and capitals, initialled for Napoleon, from the Palace of the Tuileries: ruins now ranged like frozen time in the Hébert-Stevens allée. Above: Mme. Hébert-Stevens, who thinks in the 1970's, lives by choice at La Bucquière in the past, wears this noble, gilded caftan as if she were sitting for the painter Liotard.

Claude Arthaud, who is Mme. François Hébert-Stevens, is a phenomenally enterprising. imaginative, and fortunate Frenchwoman. A publisher by inheritance, an editor and a writer by profession, a world traveller, and a wide reader by inclination, she is also a successful organizer and inspirer of photographic reportage by force of circumstance but also by virtue of talent. Essentially a woman of her country and her kind, rational and practical, handsome and elegant, she nonetheless has an almost extravagant sympathy with the past and the exotic, a romantic desire to share in the thoughts of human beings remote in culture or long since dead, and a rare susceptibility to the mysterious (Continued on next page)

A CHOICE OF PAST

(Continued) individuality of objects and personality of places.

One of the four directors of the French publishing house of Arthaud—originally founded by her mother's family at Grenoble but now presided over by her father in Paris—Claude Arthaud is sole director of its series of superbly illustrated art books, *Les Imaginaires*. She has collaborated with a number of eminent writers and scholars on the volumes of this series: notably with Emmanuel Berl (who won the French Academy's *Grand Prix de la Littérature in 1967*) in the production of *Cent Ans d'Histoire de France*. She has collaborated with her husband, the architect François Hébert-Stevens (also a director of the firm), on several other volumes. Together, François Hébert-Stevens and (Continued on next page)

Above: La Bucquière, wrapped in encroaching greens, built in 1832 and used as a studio by François Hébert-Stevens's grandfather. Right: The double-height, skylighted studio, now a living room hung with nineteenth-century primitive paintings and swagged and upholstered with a blue-and-black print copied from an early nineteenth-century fabric. Left: From the second-storey gallery, a look-down on the living room with its clustered books and Louis XVI chairs.

HORST



A CHOICE OF PAST

(Continued) Claude Arthaud have made extensive journeys in Central and South America with still more books in view. From an Asian trip a few years ago, they brought back a documentary film on the Soviet Union, China, and Outer Mongolia, *Visa pour la Chine,* and the only photographic record existing in Europe or America of the Chinese monumental art rediscovered not long ago in the caves of Mai-chi-san in Kansu province.

Recently, Claude Arthaud has been entirely responsible for the text and partly responsible for the photographs of the richly documented and absorbing book *Les Maisons du Génie:* an illustrated survey of the houses of some thirty world-famous European writers, painters, and musicians, from the Renaissance to the twentieth century, published here by the New York Graphic Society as *Homes of the Great.* In 1971 Viking plans to publish in the United States her *Architecture of the Fantastic.*

In Paris, Claude Arthaud and François Hébert-Stevens own on the rue de Grenelle an enviable Louis XVI-Restoration *hôtel particulier.* The memorialist Duc de Saint-Simon died in its one-time gardens. Marat hid in its cellar. Sheltered by its late eighteenth-century owners, the nuns of the convent of Panthémont, the beautiful widow Beauharnais survived the Terror to become the Empress Joséphine. The Hébert-Stevenses also have a house in the South of France, near St. Tropez.

Of their houses probably the one Claude Arthaud likes best is a small house called La Bucquière, at Maisons-Laffitte near Paris. It is the house where she spends the spring and summer, and as much of the year as she can. It is the house where she finds it easiest to write. It is, in countless ways, reminiscent of some of the smaller and more attractive houses that she has described in her book. To say that Maisons-Laffitte is only seven miles from Paris may give some idea of La Bucquière's convenience—modern commuter traffic notwithstanding —but it can not give an inkling of its charm.

Maisons-Laffitte has the distinction of having once been a residence of Louis XIV. Mansart's gauntly beautiful château still dominates the town. Since the nineteenth century, too, Maisons-Laffitte has been a centre of French horse racing and training, a fact that lends it, rather in the manner of Newmarket in England or Saratoga in the United States, an undeniable cachet. Though the architects of a few generations back have done their best to make one forget it, the place has an admirably classical layout, with radiating avenues merging with the old royal hunting forest of Saint-Germain. At the side of one of these, wedged into a corner of the forest, La Bucquière seems to be situated in a left-over patch of history or a fictional landscape in a book.

In size, the house is hardly more than a pavilion, with a little wing added to one end. The plain outlines of its white doors and shutters and awnings are invaded everywhere by arabesques of foliage and flowers. The steeply pitched roof is interwoven with creepers. Two stone busts on the south front look out from under cascades of greenery. The whole façade, like the architectural background in an early photographic conversation piece, seems to be held together by the shadows of the surrounding vegetation. (Continued on page 255)

Opposite page: Jérôme (tossing an orange) and Diane-Laetitia, the children of M. and Mme. Hébert-Stevens, dressed in costumes of other times, other places, partly as an act of play, partly as a way of life. This page, top: Diane-Laetitia, a headlong twentieth-century child in the pleasing disguise of an Edwardian wraith. Centre: Claude Arthaud's bedroom with nineteenth-century wicker furniture and an ordered profusion of green-on-green, echoing green on green outdoors. Below: The dining room at La Bucquière, all blue and white with nineteenth-century chandelier and green glasses for spark. The plates and tureen are Creil from the Directoire period.



HORST



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Bethel, N. Y.: We're not talking about things that have been said so many times—the staggering size of the crowd; the extraordinary gentleness of those 300,000 young people . . . what we're quoting here are a few random observations about the *looks*, the fascinating and beautiful ways of putting themselves together, that the young wore during the Woodstock Rock Festival . . . "men generally more interestingly dressed than girls—in jeans, barechested, barefoot, but with terrific wide leather belts, rather crude, with suède appliqués—the belts fastened in front with laces of leather" . . . "one man wearing peacock feathers sticking up out of his belt on to a bare chest—beautiful . . . a lot of men wearing an earring—one thin gold loop through a pierced ear" . . . "the Arlo Guthrie black felt Indian hat with floppy brim on everyone" . . . "not many beards" . . . "necklaces more on boys than girls—a lot wearing thin narrow gold chains or Indian beads, but tight around the throat like a choker" . . . "one girl had a necklace of candy beads which people nibbled off" . . . "very big—Batik or tie-dye shirts or T-shirts or sleeveless undershirts" . . . "even as late as Sunday, there were some girls in spotless white pants, teased hair with falls—they must have lived in the trees." . . .

"What do you want?



2

To know where we got our umbrellas?" Penelope and Joel, **2** and **3,** got their parapluies—they're brown, and stamped all over with the tell-tale beige LV's and everybody knows *that's* Vuitton—at the new Vuitton boutique at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .



3

Paris: The Gaucho boot. *A black satin evening boot that comes just to right there on the leg—perfect to tuck under evening pants. Or better yet to wear as here,* **1,** *with pants tucked into them.* **$40.** *Jacques Villon, 27 Faubourg Saint Honoré. . . .*



1



4

Paris: The cross to wear, 5, is the biggest, the simplest, the plainest gleaming fake gold one, caught on a rope of different twists and skeins of fake gold chains. Designed by Mr. Bruno for Cerruti, 1881 Boutique, 27 rue Royale. $70.

The short skirt
The tall boot


1


2

3

It's a great proportion—a hemline up to there worn with boots climbing up to reach it . . . ***Marisa Berenson, 1,*** wears black poplin Saint Laurent tunic as a dress—with lacquer-red canvas boots. . . . Beautiful. ***Eliane de Chavagnac, 2,*** wears an ivory silk charmeuse shirt as a dress under a little weskit of peacock feathers, adds her own Italian boots of red kid. Shirt, $90. Weskit, $180. Simonetta, 22 rue François Ier, Paris. . . .

The $10 dress with $100 boots. 3. Snapped in St. Tropez, seen everywhere, the absolutely plain nylon T-shirt dress, costing almost nothing. But worn with over-the-knee boots, costing about $100. Jacques Villon, 27 Faubourg St.-Honoré. . . .

MARY RUSSELL BERRY BERENSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Persian silks, panne velvets—

it's the way Jean Bouquin tosses and stitches and patchworks these delicious fabrics together that made him a rage in Europe—worth the trip to the boutique in St. Tropez, or to the out-of-the-way factory atelier in Paris. Now Bonwit's S'fari Room has his designs in New York, too. . . .







1. Jean Bouquin's Mayfair boutique in St. Tropez. It's a crammed, cramped attic sticking out into the port. Marisa Berenson's got on a patchwork tunic. About $50. ***2.*** The Bouquin atelier in Paris, 42 rue Faubourg du Temple. . . . ***3.*** Penelope Tree in her panne velvet pants, $30, a patchwork silk shirt, $110. . . . ***4.*** The men love Jean Bouquin's jackets or patchwork silk scarfs, too—this one, seen at Eric de Rothschild's party at Bofinger restaurant in Paris. . . .



5. Marisa in St. Tropez in the simplest most luxurious tunic shirt made of purple, magenta, imperial blue Persian silk scarfs, with a long scarf to match, about $95. ***6. Florence Grinda.*** a Bouquin aficionada in her raspberry frappé velvet Bouquin pants, $30, which she wears with a jade-green fringed weskit. . . . ***7. José Vonsecker*** shopping in London, in her ankle-length Bouquin coat of silk velvet patchwork. About $200. . . . ***8.*** Mme. Grinda in the shiny black leather bare midriff jacket edged in gold braid Bouquin made just for her. . . . ***9.*** Florence Grinda's Persian silk scarf shift—a mélange of oranges, odd greens, saffron, blues . . . about $80. Mme. Grinda wears it with Villon's black satin evening boots that reach to above the knee. . . .

5

6

7

8

9

BERRY BERENSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

New York: Givenchy's here!





2

3



The classic, perfect, pure, clean-cut lines of Givenchy—at last in New York—that is, his boutique collection is now in its own boutique at Bergdorf Goodman. ***Naneen Shaw, 1,*** in Givenchy's ivory wool knit overall, $225. His ribbed white pullover, $15. Around her neck, instead of over her shoulder, she wears her black leather and saffron buckskin handbag from Pablo & Delia. . . .

Sandy Robinson, 2, in Givenchy's buff brown suède skirt with a little fringed shelf at the waist, $110. White ribbed Givenchy pullover, $15. Her side-saddle handbag of blue-and-gold buckskin by Pablo and Delia. . . .

Sharon Harts, 3, in the best cut of jacket, long, lean, flared at the hem—half of a little perfect suit of pepper-and-salt tweed. $275. All Givenchys are from the new Givenchy boutique, second floor of Bergdorf Goodman. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

A Choice of Past

(Continued from page 248)

On the pediment over the front door, at the head of a flight of steps, there is a stone wreath with the date of the house inscribed below it: 1832.

In the last century, the house was the *maison-studio* of François Hébert-Stevens's grandfather, a once but no longer celebrated painter named Hébert. Hébert married Jeanne Stevens, one of the two daughters of Arthur Stevens, an art critic who was an intimate friend of Corot, Courbet, Manet, and Berthe Morisot, and—even more memorably—the guardian angel and ultimately the nurse of Baudelaire in his tragic last days. The Stevens family, of Flemish origin, had been artists since the fifteenth century. Both of Arthur Stevens's brothers were painters. The whole gifted tribe lived and flourished in the cultured, easy-going, richly eventful world of nineteenth-century French *bohème*. Arthur Stevens's wife had Barbey d'Aurevilly (among many others) for a lover. His daughter Juliette was painted by Millet. His niece Catherine was passionately admired by Debussy.

Jeanne Stevens, Hébert's wife, seems to have been less fortunate. Her husband was not only a prolific painter but an insatiable collector of other painters' works. Jeanne Hébert-Stevens finally left him, complaining that even for her there were really too many pictures permanently piled on her bed. But the family tradition was carried on by their son, François Hébert-Stevens's father, who was a friend of Rouault and Roger de la Fresnaye. It was he who built on the little wing at one end of the house.

With such antecedents to intrigue and inspire them, it is hardly surprising that the Hébert-Stevenses of today should have a marked tenderness for La Bucquière. Claude Arthaud, in characteristic fashion, has made a collection of anecdotes relating to the Stevens and Hébert-Stevens families. And she has devoted her fantasy and taste and knowledge not merely to turning the former studio into an enchanting place for her husband and two children to live in but to reviving, re-creating, re-inventing something of the nineteenth-century spirit that must once have pervaded this little house.

The front door leads directly into the studio, now used as a living room. It is a startlingly high room, finely proportioned and spacious, with a beautiful structural pattern of dark beams leading the eye up to the white-curtained skylight. An open ironwork spiral staircase standing free from any wall winds up to a higher floor, unenclosed and set to one side of the room. It is little more than a magnified landing or balcony but it serves as a library and extra sitting room and has an agreeable suggestion of privacy of its own.

On the white walls of the studio a collection of nineteenth-century *tableaux naïfs*—paintings of horses, dogs, and minor "characters"—centres on a moderately primitive Empire female portrait. The furniture is a congenial *mélange* of late eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century French styles: all individually handsome pieces but neither pompous nor monumental. The whole room conveys an impression of comfortable and cultured lesser country-house living, essentially French in quality yet unmistakably Biedermeier in tone. In the centre of the room an admirable Louis XVI canapé and set of matching *fauteuils* are grouped around a table piled with illustrated books. The sofa and chairs are covered in a blue material with a faint black pattern: a reproduction of an early nineteenth-century French model. The heavy gilding to which they were subjected during the Second Empire has been carefully removed.

On both floors of the studio, blue prevails: the symbolic colour of nineteenth-century Romanticism. On the shelves of the little library, the blue and gold of nostalgically pretty nineteenth-century bindings is interspersed with the faded sepia of nineteenth-century photographs: Nadar portraits, a photograph of Courbet, a photograph of Sarah Bernhardt.

(Continued on page 256)



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A Choice of Past

(Continued from page 255)

On a Directoire miniaturist's table, close to the door leading from the studio into the passage that runs through the rest of the house, lies a framed autographed letter from Verlaine to his friend and editor, Léon Vanier, asking for three francs to buy a knife and a pair of trousers and signed not Paul Verlaine but "Paul de Falzar" (*falzar* being an argot term for pants).

The passage is a gallery of souvenirs of the nineteenth-century members of the family and their friends, including a sketch by Arthur Stevens's brother Alfred, the pupil of Manet, of a group of his intimates: Corot, Courbet, Millet, and Carpeaux.

The rooms in this house discreetly recall the period of its origin and prime. The dining-room table is apt to be laid with 1830 plates identical in design to those of a service preserved at Nohant and known to have been used there for her dinner parties by George Sand. Claude Arthaud's bedroom, with its pattern of green-on-green roses against a pale-blue sky, its bed with white hangings and 1830 *taie d'oreiller*, its wicker furniture and objects in boxwood or ivory is at once the prettiest and most personal and most romantically nineteenth-century room in the house. Piled haphazardly on the mantelpiece seem to be all the French novels that one has ever made a mental note to read in bed when there is time.

Claude Arthaud, who delights in the looks and personalities of her two children, Jérôme and Diane-Laetitia, and who is not afraid to encourage them to play their individual parts in La Bucquière's living scene, has provided appropriate touches of the nineteenth century in their bedrooms, too. Her ten-year-old son has his own *retour de l'Egypte* bed. His younger sister has an Empire *lit d'enfant* with early nineteenth-century Genoa print hangings and a miniature mirror, *style troubadour*, on her miniature dressing table.

The children are both good-mannered and picturesque. Their dark good looks seem as much a part of a Bonaparte inheritance as their given names. But it is only fair to add—in case it should be imagined that Claude Arthaud treats her children merely as *figurants* in a decorative scheme—that she allows them a rare degree of independence all day long. The attic under the roof of La Bucquière, with its pretty dormers wreathed in ampelopsis, is their private province. Remembering the blissful hours she spent as a child reading alone in the attic of her parents' house, she wishes her children to have just such a room to disappear to and remain undisturbed in, if they want to be left to their own devices.

There is only one room they are never allowed to penetrate: the basement, where their father keeps his library of archaeological books and where, when he returns from a day in Paris, he sits down to work on the book of his heart—a survey of South American art, destined one day to be yet another Arthaud volume. While he is at work there, his wife, if she needs him, must tap on the bedroom floor above. If his children need him, they must ring a bell.

For the rest, they have the garden to play in with its lesser population of dogs and peacocks and Vanya, the hawk, trained for hunting and used to children and in any case safely in his spacious cage.

Diminutive as the property is, the closeness of the forest makes it seem limitless. The statued allée, which is one of its main features, is actually almost absurdly brief but it has the mysterious magnetism of a genuine vista. Elsewhere, in a space hardly larger than an acre, there are an astonishing number of sequestered corners, sites for al fresco meals, the perfect spot for a hammock, a series of green rooms. Ivy ramps over tree trunks. Moss and ivy soften the contours of stone busts and scattered capitals. Wood azaleas and laurels and rhododendrons merge with moss roses and hollyhocks, boxwood and ferns. Willows weep and lindens dangle; and dandelions flourish in patches of sunlight on the grass.

Claude Arthaud has contrived to recreate a Romantic nineteenth-century atmosphere in her garden as well as in her house. But La Bucquière is for her not only a pleasance, or the house which her children prefer—and say so—it is also the house where she does most of her day-to-day work.

Most often, she writes from six to eleven in the morning. "The morning is for writing, the afternoon for thinking." Her staff at the Arthaud Paris office opens her letters, telephones to keep her in touch; and she dictates her letters by telephone. She keeps a horse at a nearby stable, and if possible rides in the forest between eleven and twelve-thirty. She lunches frequently in Paris with editors, writers, and friends. She prefers to see and talk to people at lunch or dinner, to save time. From three until six in the afternoon, she is likely to be in her office supervising publications and publicity. (Her office is furnished throughout with contemporary furniture.) If she has work to do that requires an unusual degree of concentration, she may sometimes go down alone to her house in the South of France. But in general she works to her satisfaction in the relative tranquility of La Bucquière. It was there that she wrote *Les Maisons du Génie*.

Asked about the origin of her enthusiasm for her subject, she explained that there was a time when she was a passionate collector, but that the moment came when she realized that, except for a very few privileged collectors in the grand manner, the collecting mania leads not to satisfaction but to endemic discontent. Instead, she began to spend her weekends visiting old houses as a sightseer, each time with increasing interest. Since there could be no question of her collecting houses in a concrete sense, she resigned herself to collecting them figuratively. Today her keenest pleasure is what she describes as *la possession abstraite*.

For anyone who enjoys the hospitality of François Hébert-Stevens and Claude Arthaud in their house, the experience provides a memorable initiation into the delights of "abstract possession."

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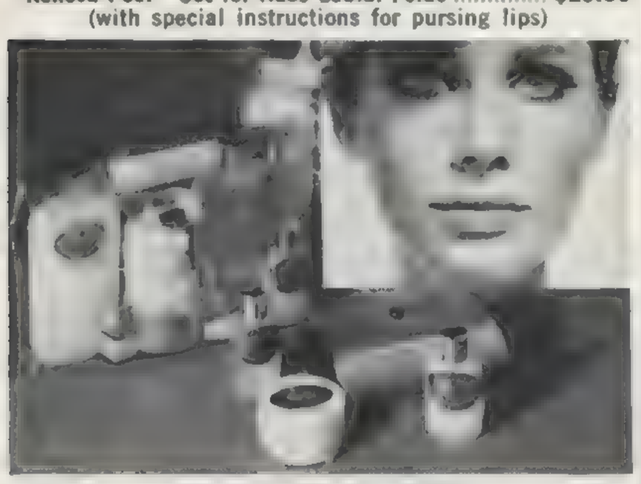
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THE MOST, LEAST, FAMOUS BORING FOOD IN AMERICA

By Elaine Kendall

The recent boom in the food franchising business amounts to a rare and almost perfect example of historical inevitability at work. The public companies that have been formed during the past ten years to sell hamburgers, fried chicken, and hot dogs to America are glamour stocks in the 1960's. and their records make old champions like AT&T, General Motors, and electronics look lame by comparison. The food franchisers have, in a single year, shown price increases so huge as to be incredible—McDonald's Hamburgers up 346 per cent from 1967 to 1968, Kentucky Fried Chicken up 780 per cent, Lum's, essentially a frankfurter operation, up 1,280 per cent.

In each case the triteness of the food contrasts sharply with the novelty of the stock quotations. Nothing much is new except the figures. The successful franchisers all work on the same fundamental principle, which is to sell their formulae, their names, and generous helpings of psychological support to entrepreneurs across the country.

To emphasize their very slight difference from their antecedents in the catering business, the franchisers like to refer to themselves as "systems," a word that hints at a new direction in American gastronomy. As the market reports prove, these "systems" are all go. Every one of these companies is built on certain basic American attitudes towards food, an uneasy ambivalence that has been plain enough all along but has suddenly become considerably plainer and, almost certainly, irreversible. The wonder is only that it took so long to happen.

The McDonald Hamburger Empire illustrates these attitudes beautifully. Although Ray Kroc, the president of McDonald's, doesn't attribute his success to anything as vague or chancy as historical inevitability, he certainly hasn't sold more than four billion hamburgers without a profound (if instinctive) understanding of his market and the forces that shaped it.

Fifty seconds is regarded as the optimum length of time to prepare a McDonald meal. which usually consists of a hamburger, a milk shake, and an order of French fries. McDonald stores have an eerily exaggerated resemblance to seventeenth-century New England dining rooms. Most contain no chairs, though a few experimental units with seating are now being tentatively tested. "Things change," said Mr. Kroc, "and so do we."

When and if America ever becomes a nation of two- or three-minute epicures, Mr. Kroc will be ready, but for the time being the Puritan code is strictly enforced. Adults as well as children stand to feed, and there's no lolling around a McDonald's. "We never allow a jukebox, a cigarette machine, a vending device, a pinball game, or a telephone in a McDonald's restaurant," said Mr. Kroc. The lack of these amenities is intended to discourage teen-agers, a group that McDonald's can easily do without. The company even prefers not to hire waitresses, thereby reducing the temptation still further.

When Mr. Kroc looks for a site, he counts church steeples, signs of substantial family neighbourhoods. The ideal location for a McDonald's is the "above-average residential area." "We want young families." said the McDonald scouts. and unlike the older highway drive-ins that relied heavily on snack trade. McDonald's attracts and holds a family dinner business. For nineteen cents they get the hamburger, but customers are encouraged to supply their own shelter and ambience.

McDonald's, however, serves security with each order. Every 'burger is guaranteed to be just like every other. Each stand must be managed by a certified graduate of McDonald's "Hamburger University" where the curriculum consists of courses in Q.S.C.—Quality, Service, and Cleanliness. "At McDonald's," said Mr. Kroc, "we believe in these fundamentals and really live by them."

Although Hamburger University has a rather limited catalogue, it maintains an active research and development program. For instance, by the end of this year, the laboratories will have perfected a scoop that delivers the same number of French fried potato pieces every time, regardless of who is running the machine, or where. The company laboratories, of course, have long since arrived at the perfect meat-fat ratio; the perfect size (3½ inches by 3/16 of an inch B.C.—Before Cooking); and the perfect roll measurement (3¾ inches), thus assuring a bun surround of no less than ¼ inch. The University seems to have strong science and math departments.

The required capital is put up by the franchisee, a refinement which allows corporations like McDonald's, Lum's, and the various chicken systems to proliferate at a far more rapid rate than any old-fashioned chain could hope to do. The franchisers are thus in a position to crowd everyone else right off the map. McDonald's, for example, receives an infusion of $97,000 every time a new outlet opens. There are already well over a thousand of them, and a perpetual waiting list of one hundred people with funds in hand, marking time until there is an available seat in Hamburger

(Continued on page 260)

Body Sculpturing

(Continued from page 193)

since there is no television in the private quarters, where assistants, nurses, secretaries ring only in emergencies. Lunch is Dr. Pitanguy's only break in a fourteen-hour work day.

3:30 P.M. Dr. Pitanguy starts to examine the new patients after glancing through the reports and interviews prepared respectively by the head receptionist and the private secretary, and Dr. Fernando.

4 P.M., *5* P.M., *6* P.M. Dr. Pitanguy is in and out of his office, greeting and taking leave of a steady stream of people. In the adjacent library, a large sunny room panelled in *peroba* (a blond Brazilian wood), at one desk Dr. Salazar, the other resident doctor, is trying to concentrate on a paper he is writing under Dr. Pitanguy's supervision to be presented to an imminent congress; Elsie types loudly on a huge blue electric typewriter; a group of young surgeons are toying with a projector. At the other end of the room, sit friends and mothers of patients. In a corner, a German surgeon, super-dignified and puzzled, signs the foreign visitors' album.

I am there too, trying to make my way among the English, Italian, German, Portuguese reprints of Dr. Pitanguy's medical articles. I have a slight headache, but everyone else seems at ease, at once relaxed and concentrated on what he is doing. A nurse, instead of throwing us out or whisking us to the waiting room, passes around a tray of minuscule coffee cups, filled half with sugar, half with hot, delicious Brazilian coffee.

7 P.M. Dr. Pitanguy is ready to give his weekly postgraduate course, attended by surgeons from all over the world, which tonight is held in the library, by now almost empty, instead of the classroom of the Catholic University, where he is head of the Plastic Surgery Department.

8 P.M. I have given up trying to understand the medical journals and essays, especially since Dr. Pitanguy, in one of his earlier blitz apparitions, urged me to take a shower, a nap, a coffee, a sandwich, a ride through Rio in his pewter-coloured Mercedes—whatever I wanted: He'll explain everything to me tomorrow, first-hand, in the operating room . . . and if I feel like fainting I have only to tell the nurse and she'll lead me out.

8:30 P.M. It is time to follow the doctor into each patient's room. One young woman who had, before the operation, a D-cup left breast and a perfect A right breast, has her bandages removed tonight for the first time. She and I wait in front of the mirror for the nurse to cut up the brassière-like bandages. We both look at the reflection of the perfectly shaped, identical breasts. The surgeon did not have to touch the right one—just reduce the D cup. On that there is a sharp but thin vertical scar from the nipple down; another, superimposed to the breast's fold: and a third, with tiny stitches all around the nipple, like a red fringe. All scars will come close to disappearing in a few months. The young woman is speechless; then she whispers with tears in her eyes: "Obrigada." Thank you.

A beautiful woman editor I know told me recently that fifteen years ago, when she called across the room to her secretary to make an appointment with her hairdresser for tinting, the secretary was perturbed lest everyone down the hall might hear and discover this shameful, she thought, secret.

Ten years ago, women had their noses corrected and their faces lifted but they went to the clinics at night, after telling friends they were leaving town on vacation. They returned home covered with kerchiefs and black spectacles, and some blushed when friends thought they looked *so* rested.

Now, all this is over. It is the turn of body sculpturing. We *know* that dozens of young women under thirty are "doing" their bodies but won't admit it. This won't last long, though. I suspect, very soon, one of Dr. Pitanguy's bolder patients will announce at a party: "Guess what I did last week: I had my 'riding breeches' corrected. And Mother is going to have it done, too, next week."

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Food in America

(Continued from page 258)

University. There are no scholarships at H.U.: Every student not only pays his own way but actually *endows* the institution.

Ninety-seven thousand dollars is double or even triple the amount of capital the other franchisers require, but the McDonald franchisee, like the Harvard freshman, is a special person. He is, according to corporate records, between thirty-five and fifty years old with a solid business background. (Failures do not accumulate or borrow ninety-seven grand very readily.) He has, in many cases, tried the Organization Life and rejected it. Unlike the product he merchandises, the McDonald man tends to be a strong individualist and not afraid of hard work. The stands are open all day seven days a week, until late in the evening.

A McDonald franchisee, in fact, seems to represent something quite close to the early American business tradition. Each candidate is assured that he can count on an annual revenue of $300,000—approximately five times the average for drive-in restaurants, and considerably more than can be realized by investing $97,000 somewhere else. Once the shop is underway, 10 per cent of this gross goes right back to the parent company. It's parcelled out for "counselling services," local and national advertising, and rental of the premises, which takes 8 per cent of the income. These appropriations are rigidly fixed. The initial investment buys the sign, the equipment, the university course, the recipe, and the right to the magic name.

After that, the acceptee is on his own, though trouble-shooters from Papa Kroc's regional offices are readily available for advice and support. The lease is for twenty years, and it represents a thoroughgoing commitment to cheap hamburgers as well as a promise to all of us that this is no mere fad. So far, there are no officially acknowledged instances of a McDonald's stand having failed, though there are undoubtedly some that have changed hands or even reverted to the parent company. McDonald's maintains a few house shops so that radical innovations like chairs, apple pie, and larger hamburgers may be tried at no risk to the private investor.

Most of the other franchisers use the McDonald system as a paradigm, though often on a more limited scale. Even if the investment is only half of what McDonald requires, however, there is bound to be "education," advice, and continuing control. McDonald may get particularly solvent types—"former dentists, retired Navy officers, and even a sometime assistant Secretary of Labour," but such impressive credentials are not required for a Lum's, a Chicken Delight, a Colonel Sanders's (part of the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation), a Burger Chef, a Minnie Pearl's, a Denny's, a Nathan's Famous, a Big Boy, the various soft ice cream shops, or for the pizza establishments. (There are, after all, not enough former dentists, Naval officers, or Labour Department assistants in the country to buy into all these places.)

In general, the franchisee is a man who would like to be on his own but still needs the special props: the moral support and business assistance that the franchising companies can provide. He has usually accumulated $30,000 to $50,000, and wants an assurance that he's not jeopardizing it. He is looking for a tested, accepted, certified, sure thing, and the franchisers seem to have it.

The fried-chicken franchisers, of which there are now dozens, rely almost entirely upon a regular mealtime trade. A bucket of fried chicken is hardly anyone's idea of a mid-morning, after-school, or bedtime snack, and it's not something that an office worker can keep on the desk while getting through the paper work. The chicken shops go far beyond the hamburger-and-shake concept, which, despite its newer refinements—or lack of refinements—can still be an impulse purchase. (The nineteen-cent hamburger is small enough not to spoil the appetite, and despite the hoopla about secret recipes and carefully guarded formulae, it is really too tiny to taste like anything at all.)

Fried chicken is different. It constitutes a genuine meal, both in price and in substance. Moreover, chicken does take some time to prepare, and the differences between methods of frying chicken can be noticeable. The chicken systems are not as dependent upon the car as the hamburger empires. Chicken Delight will even deliver a bucketful to your door in less time than it takes to warm up the oven.

The provisional capital of the take-out chicken business has been Nashville, Tennessee, the original home of three major chicken companies—Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation, Minnie Pearl's, and the recently formed Mahalia Jackson System—aimed at what is euphemistically known as the "ethnic" market. To get ahead in chicken franchising it apparently helps to be able to carry a tune: Minnie Pearl is a Grand Ole Opry star, and Mahalia Jackson can belt out a song better than most.

Kentucky Colonel Sanders, however, is an important exception. He seems to have created his coast-to-coast thirty-five-million-dollar business entirely on the strength of his snow-white moustache, his secret blend of herbs and spices, and his two-step cooking process, which involves tenderizing the chicken under pressure before frying it. Singing may help, but it isn't the *sine qua non*.

Neither, apparently, is chicken itself. The Kentucky Colonel sells everything to its franchisees *except* the chicken. The parent company supplies all the real essentials: the special cooking equipment, the signs, the napkins, the paper pails with the Colonel's instantly recognizable likeness, and the precious blend of seasonings. The franchisee must find the chickens wherever he can.

Under these circumstances, the accessories become crucial to the entire operation, because chicken has a disconcerting tendency to vary in taste and quality. Some are bound to be better or worse than others. The illusion of sameness, therefore, rests heavily on the paper goods and the equipment.

People do not buy just "chicken"—they buy Colonel Sanders chicken, and it's got to be dependable every time, spring, fall, summer, and winter, in the Philippines, in Mexico, in the Bahamas, and in Jamaica, W. I. These accessories do for all those different chickens what the McDonald's laboratory technicians do for the hamburger—make it all look, smell, and taste the same. How wonderful for an American riding around Cuernavaca to come upon Colonel Sanders's pink-and-white face on the sign and know that while he may be getting a Mexican chicken, it will be a naturalized Kentucky Fried Mexican Chicken, wrapped in a virtual affidavit proving that it's not some unknown, foreign *pollo!*

Wall Street now has some experts on the newest of the wonder businesses, and while these sages agree that "quality issues of franchising stock are no longer on the bargain counter," they are still considered splendid long-term investments. Donald Trott, of Jas. H. Oliphant & Company, said with some restraint that "the franchise stocks should eventually prove highly rewarding, as earnings continue to build up at about 20 to 50 per cent annually."

Of course, Mr. Trott suggests some caution. Scores of undercapitalized fly-by-night imitations have arrived on the scene, and they can present a serious threat to the concept. A franchiser needs time to set up his university and find a qualified faculty. He must have good locations and he must avoid such obvious mistakes as offering too broad a menu. Certain food items are inherently unsuitable for franchising.

It is important to settle on something that is totally accepted by the entire American population, and the quality must be either controllable or disguisable. *Tacos* and *enchiladas* go well in California and the Southwest, but research has demonstrated that upstate New York is not yet ready for them. A company that takes a gamble on something "ethnic," such as Chinese egg rolls, pizza, or kosher delicatessen, usually finds that it must modify the product drastically—less garlic in the salami, processed cheese in the pizza, no shrimp in the egg roll. Another consideration that works against the novel or unusual is that the franchised food must be inexpensive, durable, and reasonably easy to manage.

Although the boom is only ten years old, the franchised chains of eleven or more units now purchase 25 per cent of all goods—food as well as the extras—presently sold to commercial restaurants of any kind. Not even the horseless carriage caught on that quickly.

There isn't much doubt that the chicken systems and the Lumburgers are here to stay. By February 1969, those franchisers that had already become

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The Incredible Mane

(Continued from page 175)

on hair is unwise; soaps usually have a high Ph factor which is drying, and a possible reason why men have hair problems—executive minds don't always dig the value of proper shampoo preparations. When hair is clean, it has a natural fullness and, ideally, a natural amount of lubricants. When you comb it, the lubricants are spread over the hair, smoothing the hair-scales all in one direction so there is a nice continuous surface. Hair shines, then: when light strikes it, it's like sun on polished rosewood. Hair that has been back-combed, teased, otherwise roughed-up, won't shine as well because the scales are scattered in all directions.

Cutting of hair can be helpful or hurtful—there is a case against razor cuts that slice the hair at a sharp angle, exposing more of the inner shaft than a straight-across cut. More moisture can then escape from hair, and any measure (colouring or curling, for instance) that might harm ends will harm them more since there is more end to be harmed.

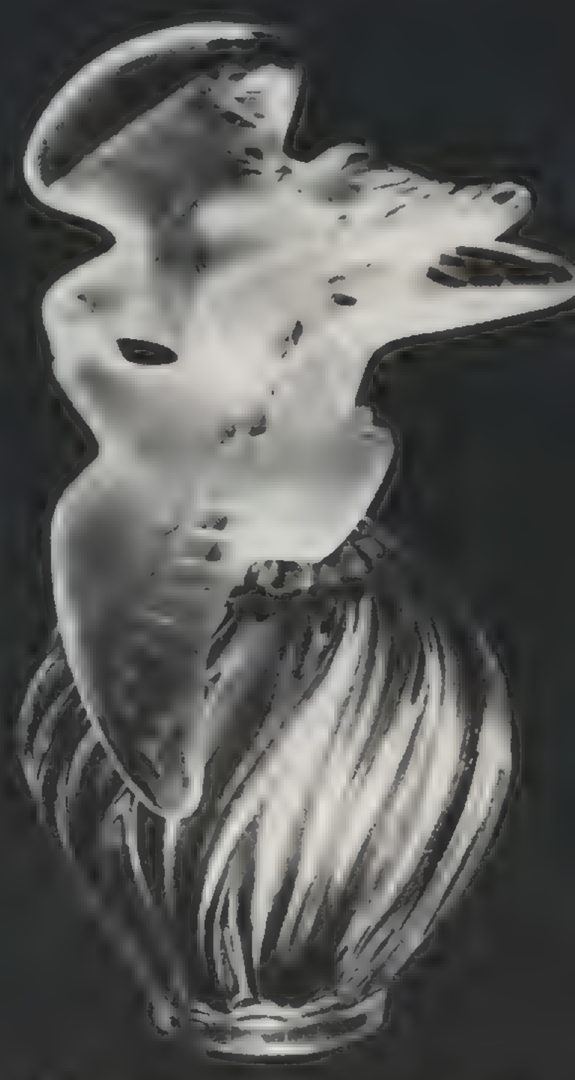
To wake up a lazy scalp, massage is essential, should start low at the nape and work up to scalp-top. Sample weekly routine, here, of one great beauty at one great salon: 1. Brushing to untangle hair and loosen scalp. 2. A half-hour shampoo, with massage from neck to top of head, and lovely rotating fingers at the temples. 3. Lots, lots, *lots* of rinsing with water under pressure, finishing with cold water. 4. Conditioner with protein worked into hair for five minutes, not rinsed off. After all of which, the object of this affection says, "my hair is just much much better."

In Paris, many women believe in potions of flower and vegetable essences massaged into the hair. Cress to cut oil, eucalyptus for circulation, boxwood and nasturtium to fortify roots, henna to sheath the hair, thyme and rosemary for essential oils, lavender to bring up the blood—all these, likely ingredients. Some of our favourite beauties are glorying in these plant-purées now (one, Marisa Berenson, with loose wavy hair freshly washed, herbed, combed, is possibly the most beautiful girl in Paris at this moment).

On the other side of the world, there is the Japanese idea of eating seaweed—rich in hair-helping minerals and protein, and added to their everything: soups, salads, rice. (Japanese beauties feel that hair is All, care for it from babyhood, give glossy locks of it as tokens to departing friends.)

For more hair pampering, keep sun and drying heat at a minimum—these speak harshly to hair. Take brushing easy—too frequent or too strenuous an attack, too pushy a brush, can break hair off. General health matters enormously in growing hair—keep well. And keep working at it. Investigate and experiment with these—and many more—ways to give hair more horsepower. Care, care, care. . . .

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Woman and women

(Continued from page 194)

their vowel sounds and the way they move their hands. To meet the real Anne Boleyn might sicken us, unless we could turn ourselves into Tudor men. The Anne Boleyn of the 'thirties is remote enough and hence unalluring. We have to take all our historical women in the form of today's woman. Mary Queen of Scots once had to be Katharine Hepburn; now she must be Mia Farrow.

If we wish to take woman in her up-to-the-minute form, this ought to mean that we have no right to judge her by any but up-to-the-minute standards. This, in its turn, ought to mean that she can't be judged at all—only accepted. Let me now proceed to accept her.

How does the 1969 woman manifest herself? First, as a sensual image, a sexual proffer, a promise of delights unknown to any previous age. We meet her in a commercial context chiefly—on television and in the glossy magazines. She is not meagrely fleshed but she tends to the asthenic more than the opulent. Unlike the Grishkin of T. S. Eliot's poem, she does not thrust forward a friendly bust, uncorseted, a promise of pneumatic bliss. When World War I was over, woman refused to let us see her as a nursing mother, a breeder of fresh cannon fodder; she drew our eyes away from her bosom to her legs. In the 'thirties she had a new maternal confidence: The legs disappeared, and our eyes were led upwards to the bosom again. The bosom tumbled deliciously in an evening décolletage made dramatic with light and shadow. Now, as in a Bingo session, our eyes are down once more, but the legs we see are not the legs of the 'twenties. Then they were coy; now they are aggressive. They are spread and the pelvis is thrust forward. In a man, this would be a micturative posture. In a woman, it is a pose of sexual challenge. She needs a revolver to symbolize the aggression; in default of a revolver, a gasoline-gun will do. She will not really shoot or defile man but she will leap on him and use him. She wants pleasure on her own terms, but this will be a means of imparting new modes of pleasure to man.

The traditional sexual position in the West is called, rather prettily, Venus Observed. Now there is more of Mars, or Vulcan, Observed. Woman has started a slow passage towards a kind of aggressiveness that, inevitably, discloses something of the male. When, in commercials for carpets or beds, we see her lying down, she is prone more often than supine. There is no more of the panting bosom among lacy pillows. The Spirit of the Age was quick to dispose of Marilyn and Jayne. The long spare body is ready to act, not be acted upon. The mini-skirt suggests a mediaeval male tunic. The thighs do not quiver, like Rosaline's in *Romeo and Juliet* (the most tantalizing of all Shakespeare's girls, for she never appears onstage); they are harder, more muscular. The sexual grace of woman is no longer expressed in the undulant glide, which used to induce an undulant fever in men. The walk is coltish and often from the knees. There remains the wag of the crupper, however—almost heartbreaking in its essential and *unguarded* femininity.

The sensuality of this new, spare, unpampered body of the fashion advertisements is a world away from the dreams of my moaning adolescence—the harem houri, plump, pouting, perfumed from a spout not a stopper, her embracing fingers sticky with Turkish delight. And the face that is set on the body is not an extension of its sexual promise. It is beyond the leers and *oeillades* of the coquette. It is grave, frank, enquiring. The eyes are disconcertingly clear and direct under their discreetly artificial fringes. Sometimes they look like the eyes of an enemy. The mouth is large but firm, and it is devoid of ocular invitation. Out of this mouth comes (though not in advertisements) language that was once thought unsuitable to woman. This is especially so in the later stages of cocktail parties. Also there come revelations that were once committed to a locked diary in a locked drawer.

Woman no longer allures through special womanly locutions. She uses the sharp aggressive sexual vocabulary of men. She is as indiscreet as man in recounting her amours and is frequently franker and more anatomical than he is. She has learned this less from men than from the novelists of her own sex—Mary McCarthy, Brigid Brophy, Doris Lessing, and the others. What woman was once shy of speaking about she learned to set down in print without a blush. "Darling," says one of Evelyn Waugh's female characters after hearing a blast of army obscenity, "I thought they only used words like that in novels." Well, women did—once. But it was an easy and logical process to turn fictional speech into real speech. Woman not only swears, she tells us, in good crisp detail, what her sexual requirements are. This is admirable, a new phase of emancipation, but it is somewhat unaphrodisiacal. Lust and light are deadly enemies. Shakespeare said that, and Shakespeare was never wrong.

But the female voice, regardless of what it is saying, remains a potent instrument of sexual attraction. Pitched low and soft, with the timbre of an oboe d'amore, it can be an acquisition as much as an endowment. It is, alas, only American women who think it an unnecessary item in their armoury. American woman thinks her visual impact is enough. She forgets that sometimes the lights go out. When she uses her voice, it is to contend or else it is to be chummy. The cheerful "Hi" of the air hostess, answering my formal "Good morning," establishes a relationship belied by the pert, exquisite allure of her face and body. On television "discussion" programmes, American women either say nothing or quack on and on. There's a kind of arrogance in them: They think the voice doesn't matter. Many an Englishman has proposed to a telephone operator, finding her voice a sufficient index of charm. I don't think this happens much in America.

But visually, tactually, olfactorily, I find more of the eternal Cleopatran temptress in Ameri-

can woman than in her British sister. In Britain, woman is not yet mannish but she gives off a delicate whiff of the epicene. In the world of the young and switched-on, this new attribute of woman is encouraged by the male, who acknowledges the female in himself and blazons it in his hair-style and personal adornments. The sexes seem to be growing more like each other, and this may be the Spirit of the Age at work. The world is becoming over-populated, and nature is perhaps trying to check fecundity by weakening the polarization of the sexes. In the Old World we are beginning to think of sterility as a virtue; in the New World there is, as yet, no urgency: America still looks big, empty, teeming with beeves and crops. But the frontierswomen—hippies, protest singers, student rioters—are already reading the spoors and adjusting their allure accordingly.

Woman, I said, has to be judged by her own standards—the standards of the mode, the fashion, the last phase of her emancipation. But sometimes it is she herself, not man, who is uneasy about these standards. She compares herself with Victorian woman or Florentine Renaissance woman and wonders how well she comes out of the comparison. Has she lost, as she often thinks she has, a good deal of her essential femininity by challenging man in the field of dalliance as well as work? She ought not to be uneasy. History has always had its great managing women—Christina of Sweden, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England. The assumption of large responsibility or the possession of creative genius has never yet impaired a woman's femininity. Both Catherine and Christina cultivated Voltaire and tried to build modern nations on a basis of reason, but they were primarily fascinating as female animals and they ruled out of their glamour, not in spite of it. The first Elizabeth used her feminine arts—caprice, vacillation, the cunning white lie, the dissimulation of toughness—to save her nation (and, by extension, the American nation not yet born) from conquest by France or Spain or both. If a managerial woman—in parliament, congress, or Madison Avenue—does not exploit her feminine gifts to promote her managerial ends, then she is a fool and does not merit her position.

When a man of the 'sixties finds contemporary woman lacking, it is usually because he is old enough to have first lost his heart and/or virginity to a woman fashioned in an earlier mode. The surface of his memories is sensuous: He thinks that hair was softer in his day; he is sure that silk stockings were more sumptuous than nylon; underwear was Phrynean—not the austerely functional gym-wear of today. I first began to learn about woman in the late 'thirties—the age of total polarization. Woman was red-lipped, soft-bodied, voluptuous. When war started and women were put into uniform, the navy-blue and khaki didn't make them less feminine. There was still mystery, coyness, softness under the brass buttons. And military parades confirmed that woman should keep her pelvis in and her legs together.

If I ever feel like being transported back to that remote time when it was possible to fall in love with the archaic 'thirties face, that over-rouged oval, and even marry it, it is only because I was young then, and most of us would pay any price to be young again. But I do not want the 'thirties woman back, coexisting with colour television and cosmonauts. The only woman for the 'sixties is the woman of the 'sixties.

I am still thinking of *woman*—the glamorous anonymity of the commercials, the sumptuous pseudonymity of the wide screen. Named or not, she is still woman. We can't enter her bedroom, smell her skin, or rub our cheeks on her discarded lingerie. She is merely a goddess, very remote despite the magnification of the camera lens; she is to be worshipped but not touched.

It is time now to think of *women*. They can be touched as well as worshipped. But where do we find women? Only behind the façade of *woman*. We know the general before we know the particular. William Blake said: "Every harlot was a virgin once." What he meant was that the act of worshipping has to come before the act of possessing. There she is, the provocative, grave, dateless model of the advertisement. Turn her about, and you will see that the dress she is wearing so faultlessly is made taut with a phalanx of safety pins. Follow her backstage, and you will hear her use a foul expletive of annoyance or boredom. Follow her home, and you will find her apartment a mess—the bed unmade, the sheets in need of changing, the dishes in the kitchen gathering grease, torn envelopes on the floor, and the letters all unanswered. Share her bed, and in the morning her breath will smell of last night's garlic. On her right leg, so flawless in its stocking or its camera makeup, there is a minute scar: She once fell down a stair, a little tight. One of her molars is nearly all filling. She leaves her tiny scented slum and goes off to assume the goddess again.

There is only one thing that woman needs, and women need, and that is charm. Charm comes where she least expects it: It comes in the zone of apparent disparity or conflict. That a woman can be a private slut and also a public goddess is one of the things that man glories in. He adores his own particular woman (but, by extension, the whole sex) because she is human and imperfect like himself but then can step out of her imperfection into the radiance of a deity. Men are always men, but women can become woman. Women are what they are, whether they like it or not, but woman is, like Cleopatra (I'm sorry to keep bringing Shakespeare in, but this is the last time), a marvellous piece of work—nature and artifact all in one. We see our wives dressed for a party, and they have left the world of crumpled newspapers and depilatories to join the great glamorous anonymities—or, rather, become the single anonymous goddess. We are awed but we know the lowly realities behind the shining image. The duality is what—literally—charms us; we are enchanted, and the enchantment is what is sometimes called love.



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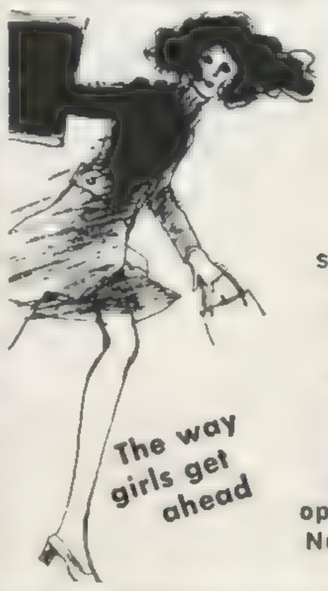
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Modeling

Food in America

(Continued from page 261)

public companies were operating more than eight thousand outlets. The huge remainder remain truly uncountable.

One of the unique features of this business is that it can expand indefinitely without ever issuing stock for general sale. The smaller, privately held corporations, of course, will imitate their better-known predecessors on the big board of the New York Stock Exchange, capitalizing upon the established popularity of the same proven items. An entire generation of children has already grown up thinking that McDonald's is the word for hamburger the way Kleenex is the word for tissue, and that "fried" always modifies "chicken."

The automobile alone doesn't wholly explain the success of the franchising concept, although it's certainly central to it. Still, if it were just a case of getting into the car and going out to eat, or grabbing a quick bite once you *were* out driving, there would be no need for micro-measurements, secret formulae, tamper-proof safes for the spice blends, specially designed ovens, patented potato scoops, and endless guarantees of uniformity.

Mere cheapness isn't the answer either, for by the time everybody has had the shake, the 'burger, and the appropriate "complementary" foods, the meal isn't really for pennies after all. Adults can never be satisfied with 1.6 ounces of hamburger in any case, so a bare subsistence level is obviously two or three.

It seems clear that Americans yearn to be told what to eat, long to have that particular decision made for them. Only half a dozen options are available from these places, out of all the thousands of edibles that can be raised, grown, processed, and marketed in this huge, temperate, rich, and fertile country. We have narrowed the choices down to a nearly irreducible minimum.

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Diane de Poitiers

(Continued from page 178)

and rose water to put on our faces under the mask we should wear to travel and to hunt, riding among the thorned branches of the forest. We would run every morning with our dogs, take three cold baths a day to keep our bodies strong and vigorous. To avoid any danger of poison we would drink only clear spring water in a cup made of unicorn horn and, as Diane learned in her earliest days from Louis XI's niece, we would choose "moderation in everything."

When she ran lightly with her hounds, was she jogging? We have always been fascinated by the contrast of her richly respectable portrait by Clouet and those of the school of Fontainebleau that depict her over and over as chastely unclothed Artemis or Venus lightly veiled. We wonder why this serenely tantalizing widow who always wore the same little black velvet bonnet over her tightly drawn blond hair and was never seen in public in anything but severely enveloping black and white mourning, had her triumphantly naked effigy erected over the portal of her château; why her portraits as a huntress in completely transparent tunics shorter than ours or reclining in a stream or a cloud, wearing just a necklace, hung on the walls of the royal palaces she presided over beside King Henri II and his Queen, Catherine de Médicis, whose crown during a moment of the coronation was placed on a cushion at Diane's feet.

Diane thought makeup was a mistake that would cause eczema, as the fashionable red and white unguents of her era often did, but that lying in milk from time to time and pearls powdered in chalk kept one's skin white. As for hair, a skilled maid must brush and brush, and comb and comb, while an invisible lute player made music, until it was pinned up neat and tight to make as small a head as possible. For great occasions, as for everything important, Diane always consulted artists, and when Jean Goujon or Benvenuto Cellini was there to survey, strands of braided gold wound with necklaces were added to the multitude of narrow braids the duchess's curling blond hair was plaited into. . . . One couldn't have enough jewels. Cellini was besieged. His jewels were such fantastic treasures. Each ring had a legend or a message engraved inside, and the stone was a charm or protection which changed meaning according to the finger it was placed on. The whole court glittered.

The ladies of the court had no lipstick or powder. They never made up their eyes, but they lavished vermilion on their cheeks and dyed their abundant hair which they twisted into fantastic jewelled arabesques. A small head on a straight neck, a flat back and long legs, a white skin, smooth elastic muscles, and firmly classical forms were the basics for their Greco-Roman cult and the explanation of their passion for the transparent gauzes they posed in superbly while lutes played and artists painted them before the fire in winter and beside rivers in summer. Bathing in streams was part of being a goddess, bathing in tubs was being like Diane, but attendants always added copper basins of hot water to other women's tubs. Though the vast drafty palaces had no central heating, they were so fit they seem never to have heard of colds.

In the sixteenth century, people were as close to the angels and demons of the Middle Ages as we are to Victorian ethics and superstitions. When Diane de Poitiers was born in 1500, the world was usually thought of as flat. The unpolluted earth was full of mystery. There was something proud and mystic in nudity. There were sortileges and charms in jewels and the strange ways they were placed. A rose, a round drawn with chalk, a ring, a gold piece, were magic circles. A porcupine, an emerald, everything had a magic meaning. Marie de Médicis had a wonderful mirror that is still in the Louvre. She could see the future in it. But everyone could see the future and the past in every mirror just as they saw salamanders and phoenixes in every fire. Old alchemists stumbled down from towers, where they had been trying to make gold and diamonds or discover the philosopher's stone, with beauty secrets they found in the process. Everyone tried simultaneously Catherine de Médicis's pharmaceutical products and Diane's mineral waters until, as Nostradamus had predicted, King Henri II was killed in a tournament, riding a horse named Malheur, and the friendship between Queen Catherine and Diane, Duchesse de Valentinois, came to an end. Catherine ruled France.

Brantome, a French courtier who was the author of *Lives of Fair and Gallant Ladies*, visited the ancient favourite at Anet towards the end of October in 1565. Fascinated, he judged her "as fresh and *amiable* as at thirty. I saw this lady six months before she died. Still so beautiful a heart of rock would be moved. She had a very great whiteness, without any makeup at all, but it's said that every morning she uses 'bouillons' composed of drinkable gold or other drugs; unlike good doctors and subtle apothecaries, I don't know what. I believe if this lady had lived another hundred years she would never have aged, her face was so well composed, her hidden and covered body was of such good construction and graceful habits. It is a pity that earth should cover this beautiful body."

"In our dreams of the French Renaissance it is always dawn or twilight, starlight or torchlight. . . . A green sun filters through haunted forests. The inlaid floors of the palaces are blood stained."* If the portraits are to be taken seriously, women pinch each other's breasts to see which is firmest. Duchesses bathe together in tubs and rivers with necklaces in their hair, while pink and gold attendants trail gold brocades in the waters. The lady and the antlered stag look with subtle half smiles at our rings and transparencies, and the jewelled boy who is with us. His guitar reminds them of the lute that accompanied their hours.

*Quote from André Pieyre de Mandiargues, l'École de Fontainebleau—l'CEil catalogue, 1963.

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